THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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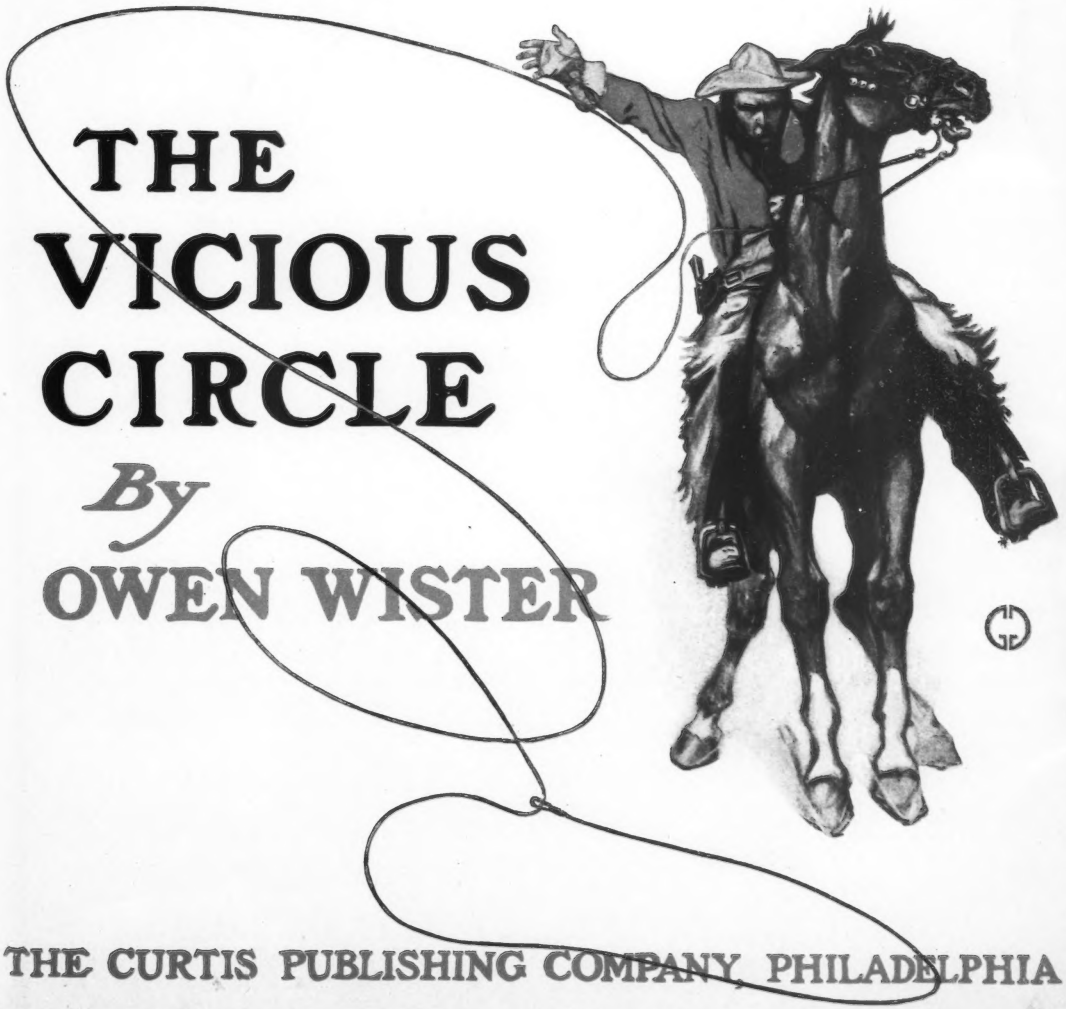

THE VICIOUS CIRCLE

By

OWEN WISTER

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

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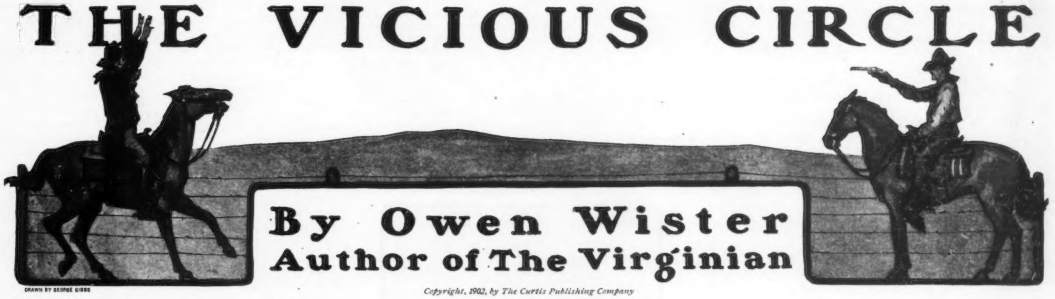

By Owen Wister
Author of The Virginian

DRAWN BY GEORGE GIBBS

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THE cabin on the Spitting Cat lies lonely among the high pastures and looks down to further loneliness across many slanting levels of pine-tops. These descend successively in smooth, odorous, evergreen miles until they reach the open valley. Here runs the stage road, if you can discern it, from the railway to the continuously jubilant cow-town of Likely, Wyoming; and here, when viewed from the cabin through a field-glass, you can readily distinguish an antelope from a stone in the clear atmosphere which commonly prevails. The windows of the cabin are three, and looking in through any of them you can see the stove, the table, and the ingenuous structure which does duty as a bed. During the season of snow, from November until May, the cabin (in the days of which I speak) was dwelt in by no one; while through the open weather some person of honesty and resource would be sent thither from the headquarters ranch on Sunk Creek two or three times, to stay no longer than his duties required, and to come back with his report as soon as they should be performed. Such a man would live here with canned food and the small stove, seldom having other company than his own; and, if he was not of those who converse aloud with themselves, he could hear now and again some large bird crying as it passed among the pines, and always the voice of Spitting Cat. This stream foamed by the cabin to fall and wander deviously away into the great silence of the mountains. Likely was eighteen miles distant, and to this place the man could ride in four hours by a recently discovered trail, which was the shorter one, and followed the tributary stream of the Spitting Kitten; and sometimes the man did so ride for his mail, or for more canned food, or for a game of chance in the continuously jubilant cow-town of Likely, Wyoming.

Upon a midday in June, had you secretly peered through any of the windows in the cabin, you could have seen a seated man, tightly curved over the table and apparently dying in convulsions brought on by poison; for the signs of a newly finished meal were near him. There was a coffee-pot, and a dish of bacon, and three-quarters of a pie. But it was merely Scipio Le Moyne endeavoring to write a letter; and no task more excruciating was known to this young man.

"Dear friend," he had begun, "i got no dictionery, But——"

At this point a heavy blot had intervened as he was changing the personal pronoun into a capital I.

"Oh gosh!" he sighed, and for a while could spell no more. He sat back, staring at the paper. "It's not to a girl," he presently muttered. "I guess I'll not start a fresh sheet." And while the perspiring Scipio laid his nose to his pen and dragged himself onward from word to word, a bad old gentleman with a black coat and a white beard was coming stealthily up from the valley through the thick pines. He was still some miles away, and he meant to look in at one of the windows, and regulate his conduct according to what he should then see. He was by no means sure that Scipio had what he wanted, which was as much money as he could get, or any fraction thereof; but he had a shrewd suspicion that he could ascertain this without any extreme use of deadly weapons.

Scipio Le Moyne was making his first stay in the Spitting Cat cabin, and in his mind there welled a complacence not to be justified; for when a thick roll of money is in a man's trousers, and the man's trousers are upon the man, and the man is writing a letter at a table, you see at once how unsafe the money is if the man's six-shooter is lying out of reach on the bed behind him. It should be hanging at his hip, or in the armhole of his waistcoat, or stuck elsewhere handily about his immediate person. And so it would have been on any ordinary day of Scipio's life; but alas! on this day he was writing a letter, and was therefore not quite accountable. There were many things that he did not enjoy—cooking, for example, or a bucking pony, or gun trouble in a saloon; but these worries he could usually meet. The only crisis which invariably disturbed him (except, of course, having to talk to Eastern ladies when they visited the Judge's ranch,) was to be face-to face with ink and a pen. After his midday meal this noon he had reclined upon his bed, putting off the hateful moment. Thus recumbent he had unbuckled his belt for comfort and got none, for the letter made him restless. At length, with a mind absent from everything save the coming ink and pen, he had gone to them, leaving his revolver among the rumpled blankets.

Complacence welled in his mind because of errands accomplished. He had been trusted, and he had a pride in it deeper than any words he was willing to utter, and a gratitude which he would express by inference alone. He would do everything that they had given him to do so well that it could not be done better; that is how he would thank his friend the Sunk Creek foreman for giving him this chance to show his abilities—and his radical honesty. (Scipio was not in the least honest on the surface.) He would take no man's word for an inch of the work that he had been sent to oversee on both sides of the mountain; he would visit the various camps when he was not expected; every cow to be bought should be bought on his own inspection and not on the seller's assurances. But these trusts were little compared with the heavy wages that he was carrying to pay off certain men when certain work should be finished. He had hoped to be rid of this at once, but late snows and high water had delayed the work.

"HELLO, UNCLE PASCO!" SAID HE CHEERFULLY. "ARE YU' LOST?"

Scipio Le Moyne was among the newcomers at the headquarters ranch on Sunk Creek. His character had not yet been tested by a year's scrutiny. He was known to ride and rope well, and to cook indifferently, and to return from town having behaved himself less ill than the worst; but Judge Henry had drawn back from putting in his hands a temptation so potent as the wages. Much ready money is a burning argument for a holiday! To these cautious sentiments of the Judge his foreman had replied scarcely more than "I have studied Scipio mighty thorough." To Scipio himself, the friend for whose character he was thus pledging his good judgment, he merely remarked, "Stay with the money."

"Stay with it!" exclaimed Scipio, nearly overcome by his feelings. He wanted to hug the foreman; and lest his eyes should betray something he narrowed them to a wicked slit, and put on the disguise of jocularity. "If yu' say so I'll stay with it till I come home with it."

The usually sharp-witted foreman was at a loss.

"Sure!" Scipio explained. "I'll pay the boys what they're owed and take 'em into Likely and win it back off 'em. Why, it's the kind of plan yu' might think of yourself."

"You're cert'nly shameless," murmured the foreman.

"So my enemies all say," retorted Scipio. Thus had he departed to Sunk Creek.

And now, having done well most things he was sent to do, his heart was so grateful to his friend that he would conquer his distaste for the pen, and write a long letter without a single word of thanks in it—the thanks would merely be between every line. The truly heavy load of responsibility was still with him, but safe with him; that money would go into the hands of the men at the Flat Iron outfit to-morrow, and surprise them. Had he not been adroit? No one suspected he was the paymaster. Visiting Likely once for his mail and some supplies, he had been obliged to spend the night there. His prudence as to whisky and general abstemiousness of conduct that night might point, he feared, to the fact that he carried money he was "staying with." He even felt a certain observation to attend his movements. He therefore began to speak deceitfully to the company he sat among. Had anybody else, he inquired, been through here from Sunk Creek? Nobody else had, it appeared; and Scipio smoked for a while.

"Well," he remarked at length with a certain gloom, like one who speaks from an offended heart, "a man don't enjoy bein' mistrusted. Not if there's never been nothing to justify it." He said no more, waiting for some one to draw the desired inference from this utterance.

After a matter of some five minutes the inference was appreciated and he received a counter-offer, so to speak, a trifle too obviously aimed. "Them hands at the Flat Iron," said the offerer, "has most finished their job, ain't they?"

"I don't know about them," said Scipio, keeping in the land of inference. "I've finished mine, I know." Then, after a proper pause and with proper bitterness, he finished: "If folks can't trust me they can't hire me."

It was lightly handled, and it did its work in Likely. All Likely gossiped next day about how Judge Henry would not let Scipio handle the Flat Iron money, and how Scipio let his feelings be shown too plain for self-respect—all Likely, save one close observer. The old gentleman with the black coat and the white beard thought that it was odd in Scipio to behave so carefully during his night in town, odd and interesting to drink nothing and go to bed early in the hotel. "That kind don't," he said to himself; "not usually when they're mad at their employer and goin' to quit their job." The old gentleman did not gossip, but grew thoughtful. One morning he got on his old pink mare, and took a quiet trail for Spitting Cat. He thought he knew the way, but lost himself, and luckily met a man on the stage road who directed him up the old, established trail. Or rather, it was lucky that he lost himself, else he would have arrived before Scipio had unbuckled his pistol and forgotten everything in the world but this letter he was knee-deep in.

"*Dear friend* I got no dictionery but if any of my spelling raises your suspicions you can borrow a dictionery at your end and theirby correct my statements which are otherwise garranteed to be strictly accurite. Hope you are well I am same. Have a good notion not to sine this for you will know my tracks without more information. Well buisniss first and I will try run in a little pleasure for you if my nerve holds out but that blot will tell you I am not myself just now. You said I was shameless but you are dead wrong about me. To think of the way you lied to those poor boys about the frogs has made me blush in bed after many a day when my own concience was at piece. I have looked after the new ditches I had to attend to them a whole lot they are all right now but they were not the young yellowleg who calls himself a civil engineer I guess becaus he looks at a grade through a machine on three sticks instead of with his naked eye was making trouble. He was aranging for the water from Crow Canyon to run up hill. We got it started the right way yesterday but that civil engineer does too much fingering with his pencil to suit me he has a whole box full of sums in arrithmetic. The fences are satisfactory. I was oblidged to turn half the cattle back the man thought I was one of those who do not know a cow when they see one but he has gone home realizing his poor judgment. And now that is all except I am paying off the extra hands at the Flat Iron outfit to-morrow or next day sure and now for pleasure as my hand has got limbered up wonderful and no longer oblidged to blast out every word with giant powder like I had to all around the start where you see those blots. I guess the words are going to get to chasing each other off this pen before I am through telling you something.

"I have noticed a thing. Be the first to tell a joke on yourself it deadens the blow. Well Honey Wiggin has found out about this so I am going to hurry up and get ahead of his news. Likely is the town here as you know and twenty hours is still the record for driving to it from the railroad but there is a new trail from here to Likely by the Spitting Kitten it saves an hour so I am living an hour nearer the fashion than you told me I would be when you gave me this job. But it was by no means to be fashionable that I had to go over to Likely though it is a good place for a man who wants to and this cabin is not fashionable a little bit but my flour gave out. The last of it was eat up by Honey Wiggin who stopped here one night and told me about the trail by the Spitting Kitten witch he claimed was easy except in one place by what they call the Little Pasture. You come on the fence on the side hill up among the trees where they have been cut down some and Honey said follow the fence a good ways maybe three miles he thought but not more and you would see the place where the trail took off down the hill through the same kind of trees pretty thin growing and pines mostly till you would come to the edge and see the town down below about half an hour more riding. Honey went over the mountain to Flat Iron and I caught up my horse and started for Likely. The trail was all right unless for a horse packed heavy and I did not hurry any for I knew I had the night to put in in town and I was in no haste to get there because I could have no enjoyment when I did on account of the money. I was invited a lot when I got there but though I have been going to bed the same day I got up for many weeks I was taking no risk. But that is not my point it is the Little Pasture I want to speak of. It got shady while I was following the fence which I struck all right but I did not mind and I was studying up something to tell any folks that might inquire about the money for Flat Iron for I have to practiss lying I am not quick at it like you. Well sir I went along getting up some remarks and then picking out them I considered to be the most promissing but after a while I says to myself it must be most three miles I have come along this fence. But Honey Wiggin is not special close about distances and so I went along rejecting some of the remarks I had picked out and putting stronger ones in their place and pretty soon I knew I must have come five miles anyway for Japan can walk three miles an hour and I had looked at my watch. I made Japan lope and then I made him gallup and then something struck me like a flash and I got off him and I tied my hankerchef to the fence and me and Japan gallupped like we was both crazy and it was not twenty minnits till we came round to my hankerchef again.

SCIPIO LE MOYNE

I expect the pasture is three miles round but can not say how many times I circled her. I struck out for myself then and come to another fence and that was the one Honey meant, only he says now he told me to look out and not take the first fence.

"In Likely I went to bed the same day I got up and I slept in my pants with the money and can say I will be glad when——"

Here Scipio Le Moyne looked up from his letter, for the old gentleman stood in the door and wished him good-morning. It was not morning, but let that go. The old gentleman had taken his observations through the window behind Scipio and had been much pleased to notice the six-shooter among the blankets. He had observed everything: the pie, the letter, all things inside the cabin, and also that outside the cabin Scipio's horse was grazing in the little field, and therefore not instantly serviceable. His own animal he had tied to a tree a little distance within the timber.

"Good-morning," he said.

Scipio's entire inward arrangements gave a monstrous leap, but his outward start was very slight. "Hello, Uncle Pasco!" said he cheerfully. "Are yu' lost?" And he sat in his chair quite still.

Uncle Pasco stood blinking in his usual way. "No," he returned. "Not lost. Just off trappin'. That's what." His voice was an old man's, dry and chirping, and his sentences proceeded in short hops. He had seen Scipio's one-quarter inch of movement, and he read that movement with admirable insight: it had been a quickly arrested and choked impulse to get to those blankets. And Scipio had done some reading, too. He saw Uncle Pasco's eye measuring distances, and he could discern no sign whatever of pistol upon the old gentleman. This rendered him extremely cautious, and his thoughts worked at a remarkable speed. Uncle Pasco did not have to think so quickly, for he had begun his meditations in Likely several days ago, and they were all finished as far as they could be up to the present juncture. Even the most ripened strategist must leave some moves to be determined by the fluctuations of the battle.

"Been off trappin'," repeated Uncle Pasco.

"What luck?" Scipio inquired.

"Poor. Poor. Beaver gettin' cleaned out of this country. That's what."

"Better sit down and eat," said Scipio. "Take your coat off and stay a while."

Uncle Pasco's glance rested on the pie a moment, and then upon Scipio's ink-covered sheets. "M—well," he said doubtfully, for Scipio's ease had now put him in doubt, "I got to get back to Likely. Pie looks good. Pie like mother made. That's what. M—well, you're busy. Guess you want to write your letter."

Scipio now looked at his letter and drew inspiration from it, a forlorn hope of inspiration. "Why, you don't need to start for Likely so soon," he remarked with a persuasive whine. "What was the use in stoppin' at all? Eat the balance of the pie and take the new trail—if your packs are not loaded heavy."

"Spittin' Kitten?" said Uncle Pasco.

"Yep," said Scipio. "Saves an hour."

"Ain't been over it," said Uncle Pasco.

"Can't miss it," said Scipio. "Your pack's light?"

"M—well," answered Uncle Pasco doubtfully, "fairly light."

"Sit down," said Scipio, "and I'll tell yu' about the trail while you're eatin' the pie." He made as if to rise and offer the only chair in the room to Uncle Pasco. This brought Uncle Pasco immediately to his side.

"Keep a-sittin'," the old gentleman urged. "Keep a-sittin', and draw me a map. That's what. Map of the Spittin' Kitten."

"Here," began Scipio, wriggling his pen across a blank sheet, "runs the Spittin' Cat. This here cross is this cabin. Stream's runnin' this way. Understand?"

"That's plain," said Uncle Pasco.

"Here," and Scipio wriggled his pen at right angles to the first wriggle, "comes the Spittin' Kitten into the main creek right above this cabin. See? Well. Now." Scipio began dotting lines. "You follow the little creek up, *so*. Then you cross over to the left bank, *so*. And you go right up out of a little cañon (you can't if your packs is heavy loaded, for it's awful steep and slippery for pretty near a hundred yards) and you come out on top clear going—gosh! I've got to take another sheet of paper—well, now yu' go down easy a mile or two and keep swinging to your right, and about here" (Scipio now sprinkled some points on the paper) "the trees begin gettin' scattery and you look out for a fence on your left. You follow that fence for—well, I'd not say whether it's three miles or four—it's that noo pasture the Seventy-six outfit calls their Little Pasture, and before yu' come to the corner where there's a gate by a gushin' creek I don't know the name of, you'll notice the hill goin' down to your right all over good grass and mighty few trees, and if it's dark you'll see the lights of the town below and the trail takes off right about where you'll be standing this way" (Scipio scratched an arrow), "and don't yu' mind if it looks like a little-worn trail, for that's the way it is, and yu' can't miss it on that hillside. See?"

"That's plain as day," said Uncle Pasco, accepting the two sheets of the map and sliding them into his own pocket. He still stood beside Scipio, irresolutely, considering the lumpy appearance of Scipio's pocket. A handkerchief with a bag of tobacco might produce such a bulge.

"Fine day," said Scipio. "Better stay a while."

"Good weather right along now," said Uncle Pasco.

"Time it was," said Scipio, "after the wettin' the month of May gave us. Boys doin' anything in town lately?"

"Oh, gay, gay," returned Uncle Pasco. And he ran a pistol against Scipio's head. "Out with it," he commanded. "Cough up."

It is possible, under these circumstances, to refuse to cough, and to perform instead some rapid athletics which result in a bullet-hole in the wall or ceiling, to be forever after pointed to. But the odds are so heavy that the hole will be in neither the wall nor the ceiling that many people of undoubted valor have found coughing more discreet. Scipio coughed.

"Uncle Pasco," said he gracefully, "I didn't know you were that artistic."

(*Concluded on Page 19*)

THE MONEY KINGS OF THE WORLD

I—Concerning the New Dynasty

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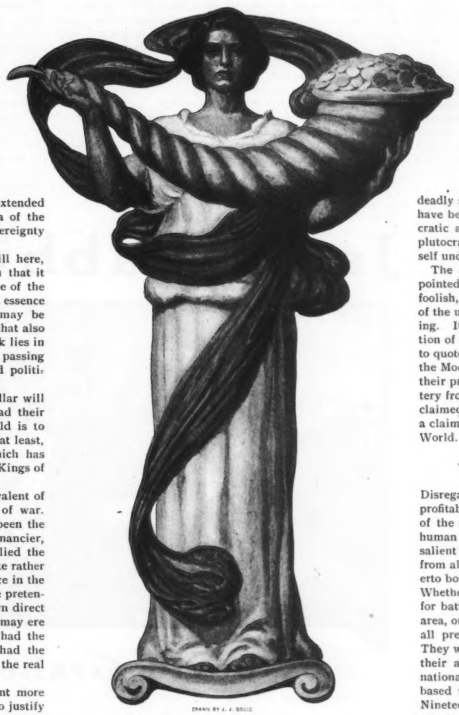

DRAWN BY J. J. GOULD

By W. T. Stead

ONE hundred years hence," said Cecil Rhodes the last time I met him, "when I look down from the sky at this little planet, I shall find that it has passed into the hands of a Hebrew financier."

It is a prophecy deserving to be classed with a similar confident prediction by a still more famous man, which has not been fulfilled. "In a hundred years," said Napoleon, "the world will either be Republican or Cossack." More than a hundred years have passed since Napoleon's prophecy, and although both the Cossack and the Republic have extended their sway over a considerable portion of the area of the planet, the world is still far from recognizing the sovereignty of either, or even of both combined.

No one, not even Mr. Rhodes himself, were he still here, would claim anything more for his forecast than that it summed up in a striking phrase the probable issue of the tendency of our times. The date fixed is not of the essence of the prophecy, and although more importance may be attached to the nationality of the future world-ruler, that also is a detail. The one essential point about the remark lies in its frank recognition that the sceptre of the world is passing from the hands of emperors, monarchs, soldiers and politicians into those of the financier.

Money is the coming king, and the American dollar will be the emperor of the world. As the Egyptians had their dynasty of Shepherd Kings, so the whole wide world is to pass under the domination of Money Kings. Such, at least, was Mr. Rhodes' forecast, such the suggestion which has inspired the present series of studies of the Money Kings of the Modern World.

Money has always been to some extent the equivalent of power. It was long ago described as the sinews of war. But heretofore wealth, like the sword, has merely been the instrument of power in the hands of rulers. The financier, like the soldier for whose campaigns he has supplied the indispensable sinews, has been the servant of the state rather than its master. But just as the mayors of the palace in the days of the Merovingians grew tired of tolerating the pretensions of their *rois fainéants*, and substituted their own direct authority for that of the sovereign, our Money Kings may ere long raise the old question whether the man who had the power without the throne or the man who merely had the throne without the power should be recognized as the real king.

The mere possibility of such an issue to our present more or less confused welter of world-politics is sufficient to justify a much more careful and exhaustive study of the whole subject than is possible in a series of magazine articles. But pending the advent of the new Gibbon who will write not The Decline and Fall, but The Rise and Triumph of the Money Power, it may not be without interest first to glance at the possibilities of the emergence of the new Power, and then to follow it up by a sketch of the leading personages who may be regarded as the founders of the Dynasty of the Future.

The Poet, the Preacher and the Plutocrat

It must be frankly admitted at the outset that, if the Money King is to be the potentate of the future, he will not owe his elevation to supreme power to any intrinsic popularity which he enjoys with the public. The poet and the preacher have vied with each other in holding him up to ridicule and contempt. Shakespeare immortalized the Money King of the Middle Ages in Shylock—a name which, somewhat unjustly, has come to be the synonym for grasping greed and calculating malice. Milton made Mammon the leader of the hosts of fallen spirits who

> "Rifled the bowels of their mother earth
> For treasures better hid,"

in order to provide the artificers of Pandemonium with building material suited to their needs.

> "Let none admire
> That riches grow in hell, that soil may best
> Deserve the precious bane."

Spenser exhausted the resources of his luxuriant imagination in rendering Mammon hateful, and poet after poet, down to and including Tennyson, has employed his genius in representing the acquisition of money and the making of money as something essentially mean and unworthy of the dignity of man, which they appear to believe is never more worthily displayed than when from

> "deathful-grinning mouths of the fortress flames
> The blood-red blossom of war with a heart of fire."

As with the poets, so with the divines. Few have carried the dislike and distrust of wealth so far as Saint Francis, who regarded "The Lady Poverty" as his bride; but all, even ecclesiastics who have amassed great fortunes, have echoed the apostolic dictum that "the love of money is the root of all evil." What the combined forces of religion and poetry might have failed to accomplish was achieved by their allies, aristocratic caste and military pride. The noble and the soldier alike despised the trader. "The Jew to the Ghetto" summed up the verdict of Mediæval Europe upon the financiers of their times.

It was only in a democratic age that the Money King could have founded his new dynasty. For, unlike all other systems by which men exercise authority over their fellows, the money power is the most universally divisible. Only one man can sit on a throne. Hereditary aristocrats are in their essence exclusive. Priesthoods cannot share their sacerdotal prerogatives with their congregations, but money power is capable of distribution almost *ad infinitum*. "Whoso has sixpence," said Carlyle in a famous passage in "Sartor Resartus," "is sovereign (to the length of sixpence) over all men; commands cooks to feed him, philosophers to teach him, kings to mount guard over him—to the length of sixpence."

The Political Economist may be regarded as the John the Baptist of the Money King. Adam Smith led the way and great was the multitude of those who followed after. Burke, who had a sovereign scorn for "sophisters and economists," was courageous enough to indorse their main contention when he said:

"The love of lucre, though sometimes carried to a ridiculous and sometimes to a vicious excess, is the grand cause of prosperity to all states. In this natural, this reasonable, this powerful, this prolific principle, . . . it is for the statesman to employ it as he finds it with all its concomitant excellencies, with all its imperfections, on its head."

Since his day the making of money has gradually assumed a higher place in the estimation of mankind. From being regarded as the lowest and most sordid of occupations, it has been exalted to the first place among the pursuits of honorable men. Fifty years ago Tennyson gnashed his teeth over the thought that, in England, commerce was all in all, and that "Britain's one sole god was a millionaire." Nowadays it is not in England alone or even exclusively that millionaire worship prevails. Since Aaron set up the Golden Calf in the wilderness of Sinai for the Chosen People to worship, the cult of Gold has never been so universal as it is to-day. In former days it was scouted as sinful, and described by all manner of disparaging epithets. Now avarice and covetousness have disappeared from the catalogue of deadly sins. Disguised as thrift and business capacity, they have become the idols of the market-place, and in our democratic age we are witnessing the evolution of a triumphant plutocracy, which every day tends more and more to place self under the absolute control of its supreme autocrat.

The ambition to acquire wealth, as Max Nordau recently pointed out, is no longer sordid. "To despise money is very foolish, as it means to despise force, and force is the essence of the universe. Money in itself is nothing, and means nothing. It is a mere symbol. It is the conventional representation of the whole of civilization." But it is hardly necessary to quote apologies for money-making. The Money Kings of the Modern World in one respect bear a close resemblance to their predecessors. They will never lack the incense of flattery from their courtiers. Already the new dynasty is being claimed in terms that, if well founded, would almost justify a claim for a new Right Divine for the Coming Kings of the World.

The Universal Domain of the New Dynasty

Disregarding the extravagancies of interested eulogists, it is profitable to inquire what are likely to be the characteristics of the new yoke that is being fitted upon the necks of the human race. It is not difficult to discern the first and most salient characteristic which differentiates the new dynasty from all those which preceded it. Every ruler who has hitherto borne sway in the world has based his throne upon land. Whether they were soldiers who used the earth as an arena for battlefields, or statesmen who regarded it as a taxable area, or monarchs who saw in it the foundation of their throne, all previous dynasties were seated on land, on solid earth. They were, therefore, no matter how far they might extend their authority over other regions, essentially local and national. There has never been a dynasty whose throne was based upon the sea. Britain, the Imperial Venice of the Nineteenth Century, whose canals were oceans and whose streets were continents, came nearest to the realization of a sea-power. But there is no power more distinctively insular, so passionately national. British policy all over the world is exclusively controlled by the inhabitants of the two small islands in which her empire was cradled.

In this respect the dynasty of Money Kings will be a new thing in human history. It marks a distinct advance upon all previous dynasties, in that it is not tethered to terra firma. It is universal, cosmopolitan and catholic. It knows no frontiers. It is hampered by no geographical limitations. Money, like water, is a circulating medium, which everywhere tends to find its own level. No matter how parochial may be the field in which the financier begins to operate, he will sooner or later find it impossible to confine himself within the parish boundary. As all the rivers flow into the sea, and all the seas form part of the world-ocean, so every business, no matter how small and secluded it may be, feels the impact of forces operating at the other side of the world. Gibbon's classic instance of how the victories of Tamerlane in Central Asia raised the price of herrings in London market illustrated the truth of this general law centuries before electricity and steam had made of all mankind next-door neighbors.

"What," asked Mr. Vanderlip of M. Witte, "is the cause of the industrial depression in Russia?"

"Because," replied the great Russian statesman-financier—in effect although not in exact terms—"because of England's war against the Boer Republics in South Africa."

A typhoon in the China seas will ruin a grocer in Manchester, or a drought in Australia make the fortune of a grazier in the Highlands. For we are all members one of another, and when one member suffers all the other members suffer with it. Thus by necessity, from the very nature of the foundations of its throne, the new dynasty must be international, and, like John Wesley, take the whole world for its parish.

From this it follows that, despite all appearances to the contrary, the influence of the new dynasty must in the long run tell in favor of peace. Commerce, it must be admitted, has not by any means justified the dithyrambic invocations of the poets who saw in her the white-winged harbinger of universal peace. Many recent wars have been waged on the plea of the

Editor's Note—This is the first of six articles on the great modern financiers by Mr. Stead. The second will appear in an early number, and will deal with the rise of the Rothschilds.

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necessity for securing markets. To fight for markets, said Sir E. Clarke is to murder for gain. The rivalry of the nations in their struggle for the trade of the world is one of the constant perils which threaten the peace and tranquillity of mankind. Nevertheless this is but a phase. The Money King may in the present stage of evolution follow the example of other monarchs and employ the sword to advance his ambitions, but his real interest will permanently press him in the other direction.

War is at present, and for the present, good for the business of sections of the community. But war is never advantageous to the whole body politic. The conversion of possible consumers of manufactured goods into mere carrion is never to the interest of the world's business, whatever local and temporary stimulus it may give to the holders of army contracts or the makers of firearms. The wider the area over which the new dynasty establishes its authority, the more steady and potent will be the appeal which peace will make to its self-interest. As the area tends constantly to widen, the hope steadily increases of terminating the present armed anarchy of the world by the creation of some rational states system in which disputes will be adjudicated by a tribunal which, like the Supreme Court of the United States, will have behind it the whole forces of the federated nations.

At present the Money King is but partly conscious of the work in which he is engaged. Like the earthworm which fertilizes and cultivates the earth while thinking of nothing else but eating his dinner, so our Money Kings are steadily bringing about a world-wide revolution while merely intent upon earning dividends. The clink of the almighty dollar is a curious echo of the angelic anthem at Bethlehem, but the good news of great joy seems likely to find itself more effectively translated into fact by the bourses than by the Bibles of Christendom. Mammon may be, as Milton said, "the least erected spirit that fell from Heaven," but it was with true inspiration that the poet made Mammon plead for peace in the Councils of Hell.

> "All things invite
> To peaceful counsels, and the settled state
> Of order, how in safety best we may
> Compose our present evils with regard
> Of what we are and were, dismissing quite
> All thoughts of war. Ye have what I advise."

To this it may be objected that it was the pressure of Mammon in the shape of Egyptian bondholders which drove England into the war on Egypt, that the last war in South Africa was due to financial pressure, and that the great danger which at present threatens the peace of the world is the desire of the concessionaires to exploit the Chinese market. That is all true. It is also true that the great financiers have often facilitated war by the readiness with which they lent money to Governments which otherwise could not have prosecuted even a single campaign. Fifty years ago Cobden denounced, but denounced in vain, as a moralist and an economist, the practice of lending money to foreign Powers to be expended on armaments, which would immediately entail a similar expenditure upon our own Government. The investor in foreign bonds is blind to those considerations, but after a time the very stake he has in the foreign country operates in the direction of peace. The holders of Turkish bonds in 1875-8, although smarting from the non-payment of their interest, passionately opposed Mr. Gladstone's demand for the coercion of the Sultan in the cause of Bulgarian independence.

The fact that the French have invested nearly three hundred million dollars in Egyptian securities is at this moment the most effective check upon the raising of the Egyptian question to disturb the peace of Europe. If England had invested more of her savings in Russian bonds there would have been much less of the Russophobia which continually imperils the peace of Asia.

The fact that France has invested no less a sum than £1,200,000,000 in foreign lands undoubtedly steadies French policy.*

* The following figures extracted from the return issued by the French Foreign Office may be appropriately prefaced by the remark with which the official reporter concludes his introduction to his statutes: "At a time when economic questions govern the policy of nations, the French financial group remains one of the great means of action of France in the world." The figures are approximate only, but they illustrate none the less forcibly the extent to which capital tends to become international. The figures quoted are rendered in millions of dollars, reckoning five francs to the dollar and ignoring fractions:

FRENCH INVESTMENTS IN 1901 IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

	Million Dollars		Million Dollars
Russia (in Europe)	1245	Turkey	364
Russia (in Asia)	12	Egypt	287
	1257	Italy	286
Spain	597	Argentine	185
Austria-Hungary	570	Portugal	180
Great Britain	200	Brazil	139
British Africa	318	China	130
Canada	28	United States	120
Newfoundland	4	Belgium	120
British West Indies	2	Tunis	102
British Asia	4		
	556		
Switzerland	91	Venezuela	46
Roumania	87	Cuba	45
Mexico	60	Uruguay	44
Norway	58	Monaco	31
Greece	57	Denmark	26
Servia	50	Sweden	25
Holland	50	Peru	21
Colombia	49	Germany	17
Chili	45	etc., etc.	

The total amount of French capital invested abroad is estimated at six thousand million dollars.

The amount of British money invested abroad and in the Colonies yields, according to the Income Tax returns, a net income to British investors of from two hundred to two hundred and fifty million dollars a year, representing a capital of about as much as that of French investments abroad. The individual investor is, however, not always able to bring any direct pressure to bear upon those in whose hands lie the issues of peace or war. As Burke said of property in general, so it may be said of property in foreign funds: "That power goes with property is not universally true, and the idea that the operation of it is certain and invariable may mislead us very fatally." When property is centralized in the hands of a few Money Kings, its power will be irresistible.

That the dynasty of Money Kings will make for peace may be assumed with hope, if not with confidence. That it will make for liberty is much more doubtful. If the Money King dislikes foreign war, he simply detests revolutions. But it is by revolutions that nations win their liberties. The great French Revolution might have been staved off if a Pierpont Morgan or a Rockefeller had been able to choke the deficit and restore order to the finances of the Bourbons. One of the chief disposing causes of the Revolution of 1848 which shook half the thrones in Europe and established the second French Republic was a financial crisis which the modern Money King, had he then existed, would have found means to avert. But a still more pertinent illustration is afforded us in the origin of the American Republic. How was it that the Union came into existence? Let Daniel Webster reply: "That Union was reached only by the discipline of our virtues in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce and ruined credit."

But enough of this preliminary speculation *in generalibus*. In the subsequent articles I shall pass in review some of the more notable Money Kings of our time, beginning with the Rothschilds, who may be said to have inaugurated the dynasty in Europe by founding a family which for nearly a century was one of the leading factors in the political and industrial development of the Continent.

Jack Rabbit States

DRAWN BY JAMES PRESTON

By David Graham Phillips

LESS than a year after the Constitution was adopted by the tardiest of the original thirteen States—Rhode Island—the first Territory, Vermont, was admitted. And as the nation has rapidly expanded in territory and in population, only once—from the admission of Colorado in 1876 to the admission of North Dakota in 1889—has so long a period as ten years elapsed without one or more new stars being added to the galaxy on the flag. There are now forty-five States; and only three Territories that hope to be admitted remain within the great continuous ocean-to-ocean domain of the United States. These three Territories—Oklahoma, Arizona and New Mexico—are clamoring for admission and the present session of Congress will pass upon their fate.

Until 1864 no Territory was admitted to the Union that was not obviously entitled to admission, that was not clearly able to bear the responsibilities of Statehood, that did not unquestionably have the right to its privileges. There had been partisan clamor over several admissions, but it was either disingenuous or wildly prejudiced. Since 1864, however, there have been several admissions that have not only cheapened the dignity of Statehood but have brought about conditions which in easily conceivable circumstances might constitute a peril. And there has suddenly burst out a new and fiercer fever of expansion. While this may change from a silly imitation of Great Britain's policy of pernicious land-grabbing all over the earth, it is hardly likely to die out; is more likely to take the form of a sane and consistent policy of acquiring lands adjacent or nearly adjacent, and so not a source of weakness. The combination of carelessness as to the dignities and responsibilities of Statehood with eagerness to annex new lands is certainly not attractive to any one who has ever thought on what makes a nation strong and great.

Curiously enough, Senator Beveridge, of Indiana—the most ardent of the new expansionists, to put it mildly—is the first of our public men seriously to make the effort to restore old ideals of Statehood and to close the door against haphazard, reckless admissions of unknown and doubtful Territories to a full share in the government of the nation.

When the bills for admitting Oklahoma, New Mexico and Arizona were referred to his committee—he is chairman of the Senate Committee on Territories—at the last session of Congress, he took a course which caused a great deal of irritation to the backers of the bills and a great deal of wonderment to the ordinary run of easy-going politicians at Washington. Instead of promptly reporting the bills with the recommendation that they be passed, he insisted upon an investigation. Let us see, said the young Senator, whether these Territories are fit for Statehood, whether they have present capacity and potentiality for the future.

The backers of Arizona and New Mexico—notably Senator Quay, boss of Pennsylvania, and his good friend and ally, Senator Platt, boss of New York State, were highly indignant. They pointed to the mass of documents that had been sent to committee with the bills—the *ex-parte* statements of the politicians and "leading citizens" of the interested Territories. Are not these sufficient proofs that the applicants are mighty, self-governing commonwealths, eminently fitted for Statehood? said they. Senator Beveridge didn't think so, and he induced the Senate to agree with him after a desperate battle. So for the first time—and most opportune it is—we have the spectacle of a Congressional committee going in person to the Territory applying for Statehood, to examine on the very ground whether it is fit or unfit. Its report on the three Territories which it has studied exhaustively has been drawn up by Senator Beveridge with the assistance of Senators Dillingham, of Vermont, Burnham, of New Hampshire, Nelson, of Minnesota, Bate, of Tennessee, and Heitfeld, of Idaho, and will be under discussion by the Senate. The attitudes of the friends of the three Territories make it pretty clear at this writing what that report will be. Oklahoma's friends courted investigation; Senator Quay, Arizona's, and especially New Mexico's, friend, opposed it.

So far as Oklahoma is concerned, there seems to be no reason for withholding Statehood. It was the last of the Territories to be organized—1890—but its fertile soil was at once overrun with a characteristically American agricultural population. It now has more than 400,000 people who have gone there *to stay*. Towns and villages have sprung up, manufactories are under way. The newspaper, the school and the church are everywhere; and the Legislature has enacted laws that indicate a conservative and civilized community. Should it be admitted, it would be seventh or eighth from the smallest State in population and about as populous as Oregon. But what of Arizona and New Mexico?

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It is difficult to see how the proposition to admit them to Statehood is seriously advanced. Arizona is an empire—in area; so is New Mexico. But so far as we can now judge they will be chiefly noted for area for years to come. The two together are territorially as great as France or Germany or Austria. Italy is smaller than either. But in their vast deserts are found few human beings—123,000 in the 113,000 square miles of Arizona; 195,000 in the 122,000 square miles of New Mexico. There are wards in New York, Philadelphia and Chicago that contain more people; there are rural counties in many great States that contain more.

But the population must be looked at to be appreciated. It consists for the most part of Indians, Mexicans and half-breeds. They are dirty; they are lazy; they are ignorant; they are retrogressive; they are so isolated that improving forces cannot readily be applied. They do not speak the English language. In New Mexico laws must be published in Spanish as well as in English, and the "gentlemen of the jury" have to communicate with each other by means of an interpreter! And, of course, this mass of heterogeneity is under the domination of the shrewd American minority. At the last election of which official figures are at hand—the election of 1900—only 16,000 citizens of Arizona went to the polls and only 39,000 citizens of New Mexico. Either would be a respectable figure for the vote of one assembly district in New York City.

Nor is the prospect for an imperial population in these Territories of imperial size and scenery bright. In new Mexico there are under cultivation less than 300,000 acres of the Territory's total of 78,428,800 acres; Arizona has an area of 72,792,320 acres, of which less than 200,000 are under cultivation. And these Territories were settled by the Spaniards before the English landed on the New England coast.

The reason for this state of affairs is not far to seek. You look at the tables of public lands that have not yet been claimed—although almost all the land that is fit for anything has been taken up. You find that of these unappropriated public lands Arizona has 48,771,054 acres and New Mexico has 55,589,124—that is, two-thirds of each State is practically worthless land. And 37,000,000 acres in Arizona and 14,000,000 in New Mexico have not even been surveyed! In Oklahoma, on the other hand, all the public land has been surveyed and all but 4,000,000 acres have been taken up by settlers or by railways or for State purposes.

The fact is that Arizona and New Mexico are largely deserts. The only hope of these imperial desert domains is in the irrigation plan which President Roosevelt is urging upon Congress so earnestly and with so much public spirit. If that plan is adopted, Arizona and New Mexico may invite agricultural populations. But though there is "much virtue in an if," there is also much vice. And no State should be admitted to the Union, admitted to power in the electoral college, admitted to an equal vote in the Senate with all other States, on a mere "if." New Mexico and Arizona are patently still in that condition where they are better off with the local self-government and guidance from Washington which they now have. We ought still to guide them; they ought not to be admitted to the power of guiding us.

In 1860 Nevada—a vast area of seventy and a quarter million land acres, of 110,679 square miles, more than double the size of New York or Pennsylvania—had 6000 inhabitants. Gold and silver were discovered here, and immigration rapidly pushed the population up to nearly 60,000. Then it was found that such treasures as the State possessed were too tightly locked in the rocks or were too far from water and food. The population began to decline. To-day

Nevada has fewer people than it had in 1870. No rain, no vegetation, no available wealth, and Nevada is going down, down. It casts about 10,000 votes altogether, but—it sends two Senators to the United States Senate, just as New York or Ohio does. And it casts three electoral votes—*enough to have changed the result in the Presidential election of 1876!*

There is no way of undoing the past, of returning mining camps and sheep ranges to the territorial state, there to wait until they are an aid to the nation. But there is no excuse for adding to them two more such States, four more such Senators, six more such electoral votes.

There has been a great deal of excuse for our happy-go-lucky way of taking on problems racial, industrial, international-political, in the past. Nor has our "Oh, we'll muddle through somehow" theory been so perilous as many of our overanxious patriots have fancied. Good commonsense and appreciation that there's nothing like establishing precedents for the breaking of precedents which no longer suit changed conditions have carried us on comfortably and cheerfully—except for sundry costly wars and divers disastrous and wholly unnecessary panics. But those merry, childhood days are rapidly passing. We are getting a huge population, and it isn't educating so rapidly or so thoroughly as the more complex needs of our democracy demand. And we are going to see stern days when we can't afford to have too many States with un-American populations, or too many Senators representing Jack rabbits, deserts and illiterates, or too many electoral votes that can be easily turned by demagoguery or dollars. So, this is the very time to call a halt, to say: "No! A Territory shall not become a sovereign State until it is fit in its present and reasonably secure in its future. We will not have in our Union, to outvote Americans in the Senate and in the electoral college, any more serfs of millionaire mining-kings, any more adobe-dwelling peons, any more uncivilized Indians—or any Kanakas, Malays, Caribbean half-breeds. America for the oppressed and the aspiring of the whole world. But the guidance of America, socially, industrially, morally, for Americans and those capable of becoming Americans!"

As for Arizona and New Mexico—first, irrigation; then, population; and then, and not until then, Statehood.

The Art of Reading Aloud

By WILLIAM MATHEWS

WHAT finer accomplishment is there for a gentleman or lady than the ability to read aloud well, and yet what accomplishment is more rare? Indistinct utterances, singsong, monotonous whines, drones, nasal twangs, guttural notes, stammerings, tricks of raising the voice at the beginning of every line and dropping it into an inaudible whisper at the close—these, and other vices of elocution, are almost universal. Even men of high and varied culture are not free from them. Henry Taylor, the author of Philip Van Artevelde, in one of his recently published letters, states that he was one day pointing out to the eminent philosopher and scholar, Doctor Whewell, one of the most sublime and majestic passages he (the poet) knew of in prose—a passage in one of Bacon's prefaces—and asked him to read it aloud: "I was astonished to find that he read it as the town-crier might have read it. It could not be that he was insensible to the grace and beauty of the language. I believe he was no more insensible to it than I am to the beauty of a Raphael or a Perugino; but he was no more able to produce it in utterance than I am to paint a St. Cecilia or an Incendio del Borgio."

So insensible, generally, are speakers and readers alike of their faults, that a public man, who had a shocking drawl, once said of himself: "I used to dra-wl my wo-rds, but I bro-ke myself of it."

The Benefits and the Requisites

It is not strange that De Quincey should profess himself proud of his skill in reading aloud, "because he had observed that the accomplishment was so rare." It is an art which testifies strongly to the culture of him who is proficient in it; which requires no costly instruments or accessories; and which finds a place for its exercise not only in the pulpit, at the bar and in the lecture-room, but by the social hearth, in "the pleached bower where honeysuckles, ripened by the sun, forbid the sun to enter," in the communings of love, and beside the sick-bed and the chair of reclining age. Besides this, the exercise of the voice in reading is one of the most healthful of gymnastics. In strengthening the vocal organs one strengthens his whole bodily organism. He expands the chest, increases the breathing-power of the lungs, oxygenates the blood, and increases the stock of vital energy. And then how easily attainable, comparatively speaking, is the art in question! A good voice, a good understanding, and sensibility—these are the only qualifications it exacts. Possessing these, any person may become an attractive reader, though his greater or less mastery of the art will, of course, depend upon the strength of his understanding, the quickness and depth of his sensibility or his appreciation of the tender, the beautiful and the grand, the quality of his voice, and the care and skill with which it is trained.

The first and most important thing requisite to good reading is a thorough comprehension of the author's meaning. Unless one fully apprehends his sentiment and intention, neither right tones, cadence nor emphasis will be possible. In the intercourse of society, men leave a great deal of their meaning to be hinted and supplied by the tones of the voice, and by expressive looks and gestures. When, therefore, one has only the cold and inanimate words before him, he requires oftentimes for their adequate comprehension not only a knowledge of their ordinary import, but a lively imagination to bring vividly before the mind the circumstances under which they were uttered. Ordinarily, the main thing requisite to make one's reading effective is to read naturally, just as if he were really speaking under the circumstances and with the feelings which the author describes. One of the chief dangers to be avoided is a guttural or nasal enunciation, and every word should be distinctly, but not pedantically, pronounced. Take care of the consonants in articulation, for they are the bones of speech; but take no less care of the vowels, for they are its flesh and blood, without which it is void of beauty and of life. While, as we have said, sensibility is needful, it must be under control; an excess of it will be fatal to good utterance. Persons who are apt to be profoundly affected by what they read have a valuable gift, but they must keep a strict rein upon their emotions. The great actor, Talma, relates that he was once playing with a charming actress, who, in a pathetic passage, overcame his self-possession. With the quick instinct of an *artiste* she saw the mischief she was doing, and whispered: "Take care, Talma; you are becoming agitated!"

"Yes," adds the actor, "she was right. From emotion springs confusion; the voice resists, the memory fails, the gesture becomes false, the effect is destroyed."

It seems needless to insist upon the importance of right emphasis; yet how often is it set at defiance, as, for example, in the reading of Romans viii, 34: "Christ . . . that is risen *again*."

Even such a master of elocution as David Garrick sometimes mistook the emphatic words in a sentence. A well-known line of Hamlet he read: "I will speak *daggers* to her, but use *none*." Sheridan, the author of Lectures on the Art of Reading, once discussed, with Johnson and Garrick, the proper manner of reading the Ninth Commandment, and all three failed to emphasize the right words.

How to Read Poetry

One can hardly think of a keener mental torture inflicted on a poet than to be compelled to listen while his own verses are murdered by a tasteless reader; and yet poets themselves, in spite of their fine taste, have sometimes read badly. Poor, blundering Goldsmith once asserted the superiority of their elocution to that of other men, and, being requested to give a practical illustration of his remark, repeated a stanza so wretchedly that he was laughed at by all who heard him. The poet Thomson also read miserably, and once so provoked Doddington by his odd utterance that the latter snatched the paper from his hands, telling him that he did not understand his own verses.

Both Doctor Johnson and Mrs. Siddons failed as readers; the former was violent and monotonous; the latter missed the stage lamps and the panoply of representation. On the other hand, Virgil, Racine, Boileau, Doctor Wolcott and Sir Walter Scott are said to have been distinguished for the excellence of their recitation. Henry Taylor says of Tennyson that "as to his reading he is a deep-mouthed hound, and the sound of it is very grand," though more of articulation was wanted to give the consonantal effects of the rhythm. Nat Lee read his own dramatic verse with such pathos that, according to Colley Cibber, while he was reading to an actor at a rehearsal, the latter in the warmth of his admiration threw down his part, saying: "Unless I were able to play it as well as you read it, to what purpose should I undertake it?"

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A MAN OF PUTTY

By Charles Battell Loomis

AUTHOR OF THE DECEPTION OF MARTHA TUCKER

AS I LOOK back to that day, not two weeks since, it seems impossible that any of the ensuing incidents could have taken place, but when I see that there are four seats at table where there used to be five I am compelled to believe that it is not a dream.

It is all so like a romance that I believe others will be interested in it. Mrs. Docey says that I am lacking in reserve, that I should not invite the world to share in family secrets, but I say better for me to tell the story than to have it come out in some sensational sheet with names spelled wrong, incidents distorted, and a general air of commonplace vulgarity spread over the whole affair.

Well, to begin. Some two weeks ago I left my office in New York and took the train for the place in the country where my family are summering. Perhaps at this point I should say that my family consists of Mrs. Docey, or did consist, of Mrs. Docey, Miss Irene Docey and Miss Anna Docey.

I left New York and after two or three hours in the cars I arrived at Barkinton, the station that lies nearest to our summer place. Hitched near the depot I found a horse and wagon awaiting me. It belongs to one of my neighbors up at Hillton. He goes down the road on Saturdays to spend Sunday with his family at "the shore," and he leaves his horse for me to take back. It is a sort of Box and Cox arrangement. I go down on the early Monday morning train, leaving the animal hitched as before. My neighbor comes up soon after and drives home. Thus livery hire is saved and it becomes possible for him to show his neighborly qualities every week. In the winter he and his wife generally spend a week at our New York house and then—we pay for the horse.

Sometimes my wife or one of my daughters comes down to do a little shopping and goes back with me, but on this particular occasion the horse was quite alone. I climbed into the Concord wagon and had driven a mile on my way when I saw ahead of me a well-put-up man of about thirty years of age. These details of course came to me afterward, but I give them first. He was good looking and had acquired that ease of manner that comes to those who are accustomed to have their own way in all things. I have no such ease of manner, alas the day.

The pedestrian looked over his shoulder at me and stopped and waited for me to come abreast of him. Now it happened that just before I met him my horse had gone lame, and I was of two minds as to whether or no I ought to get out and walk to relieve the beast of some of his burden. I am not used to horses and I may be unduly sensitive and overmerciful, but I know that if I were lame I should not feel like pulling a man three miles up-hill through dusty roads, and I never seem to realize that a horse is stronger than I. However, I had seriously thought of getting out at the next pitch of hill, and congratulated myself on having forgotten to get a hundred of feed for my neighbor.

—I COULD NOT MISTAKE HER MEANING, MUCH AS I SHOULD HAVE LIKED TO

When I saw the man stop I knew that I must refuse him a ride, and I went over in my mind various ways of couching my refusal—for in the country to refuse a man a lift is to proclaim yourself too mean to live.

My horse limped on, and as I came up to the stranger he turned and said, "How do, Summer Resident? You're just in time. I was beginning to think the cars never ran on this road."

Surely a breezy salutation and one that made my seeming churlishness hard to carry off successfully. But before I could get out and tell him of my horse's lameness he had jumped into the wagon with an agility a little out of the common, and I found myself traveling along with a two-hundred-pound passenger—which was twice as bad as a bag of meal.

"I'm sorry ——" I began.

"Sorry?" said he, taking the words out of my mouth. "Sorry for anything on a day like this when earth and air and sky are uniting in a trio whose harmony is ravishingly sweet? This is no day to be sorry, Summer Resident. What sin is it that makes you sorry?"

Now I leave it to anybody if this semi-poetic, wholly flippant way of talking was proper toward a man who will soon see fifty? My dignity was offended, but I can never make a man understand when my dignity has received a stab. He always seems to think it cause for laughter, and I saw that I could not be dignified with this obtrusive but genial man. So I plopped the words out quick: "My horse has gone lame and I was going to get out at the beginning of this hill."

"Oh, that's what you were sorry for?" said he with an unctious laugh. "Sorry that my coming would prevent your doing it? Now, my dear Mister Man, you simply must not treat me as company. You have given me a lift, following a law of the country road, but you must not feel called upon to stay and amuse me. Take your little constitutional up the hill and I will drive slowly, and when we have reached the level you must get in again, because it is on the level road that we get in our best licks in this hill country."

He stopped—and I actually got out. Well, it was as much on account of the horse as anything. It would have been cruel to make him pull three hundred and ten pounds up-hill, and my new-found friend was evidently in no mind to alight.

"I'm getting out," said I with just a vestige of dignity, "because I think the horse has too heavy a load."

"The act does you credit," said the stranger with an approving smile. "What is your name, anyhow? I hate Mister Man and Summer Resident."

"My name is Docey," said I.

"From the same root as docile, or I'll eat my hat," said he. "You are just the man who *would* be merciful to his beast. I wish I were half as merciful. Now that you speak of it I believe that the horse *is* limping and I guess it is because he has a stone in his foot. You just lift his forefoot and see."

Now I hate to touch a horse, having been born and brought up in the city, but there was something in this man that compelled me to lay aside fear, and I lifted the horse's foot, and, sure enough, there lay a stone firmly embedded between the shoe and that little hillock that lies in the centre of the hoof. I got the stone out, but not before the horse had stepped on me and given me a painful bruise that brought the tears to my eyes.

"What, crying, a day like this?" said my Young Man of the Sea. "What's personal pain, man, to the thought that you have relieved the horse? Now climb in and we will make the old fellow show his metal."

I attempted to climb in on the right side, the better to drive, but he said, "No, get in on the left. You must allow me to relieve you of any work until we reach your home. I haven't driven in weeks and this is just the day to get good work out of the good animal."

I got into that carriage feeling that the stranger was actually kind to allow me the privilege. Not once had I thought that he would whip up and drive away with horse and wagon. I read him for what he was then and nothing that has happened since has made me change my opinion. He was a masterful man and I am not. Perhaps in me he saw one on whom he could play. Perhaps if he had been masterful without humor he would not have done what he did, but it was a zestful day and he was playing cat to my mouse and enjoying it.

I sat down, he applied the whip, and the horse leaped forward at a pace that neither my neighbor nor myself had ever suspected was within his ability.

I was now able to study my carriage mate and I marked him for a man who, if shipwrecked on an uninhabited island in the South Pacific, would be king of that island in six months. He had gray-green eyes, a vigorous chin, and a mouth whose grimness was softened by a humorous curve at the tail of his lips. A large, straight nose and a generous ear showed him to be anything but a mean man, and his talk gave evidence to some cultivation wrapped up in a large amount of slang and flippancy that often annoyed me.

—HE APPLIED THE WHIP, AND THE HORSE LEAPED FORWARD

"My name is Tolmach," said he, although I had not asked him. "Jack Tolmach. I believe I am descended from the Tollemache-Tollemaches of England, but I don't care a rap. They couldn't wag *me* if we met. I'm a wagger from the word go. I can't and I won't play second fiddle to any one." Here he broke off at a tangent to say, "Why, *this* is no plug. When I saw you coming I said he was a plug. Pardon my freedom, but you supplied the plug quality. A horse is not so much what his component parts are as he is what gets to him through the reins. You're an easy-going, good-hearted foddy-doddy. No offense; I'm just explaining why the horse is going his fastest now. The reins are telegraph wires and you, the driver, send messages to the horse. *You* say, 'Old-horse-You-are-lame-and-not-strong-Take-your-time-Answer.' And 'Old Horse' answers by drooping his head and ambling. I step into the telegraph office and I say, '*My*-horse-Git-up-and-git-No-answer-required-No-back-talk-of-any-kind.' And he goes."

"I dare say you are right," said I, amused in spite of myself, although his picture of me had been totally unlike the one I should have drawn of myself. Well, perhaps *my* picture of me would have been as unlike the real Me as his was.

"When do you dine, noon or night?" asked he, looking at his watch.

"We dine at night," said I, wondering what was coming next.

What was coming next came quickly.

"That's good." Here he slapped my knee. "This day and this drive have given me the appetite of a god. I dined at the hotel in the town back there but I wouldn't know it. Your hotel dinners are as like as canned peas and just about as unsatisfactory. Say, if a man were to make a composite photograph of every country hotel dinner in the United States the composite would be like each separate picture. In fact, he could get his composite from the first picture he took. Going to have any company to-night?"

"No, not any," said I unsuspectingly.

"Wrong," said he, bursting out into a laugh so hearty and infectious that I laughed with him. "Wrong, for I am going to dine with you. I told you my appetite had been sharpened."

Some might have imagined at this point that Mr. Tolmach was out of his senses, but I had no such thought. I had sometimes wondered what would happen if I were to go into some city house and say, "I've come to dinner." He was a good-humored and absolutely audacious adventurer who had found in me an easy prey.

"Well, really, you seem to have no trouble in asking for what you want," said I, and that was all I could say. I could not, I literally could not say to him, "Mr. Tolmach, I do not know you and I do not keep a public house." That would have given him a chance to say, "So much the better. A select few is better than a motley crowd."

"Why, no," said he; "of course I have no trouble asking for what I want. As I take it, we are put into the world and are given to understand that we are entitled to as much of the world as we can get. Some men get what they want by purchase, some by grabbing, and some by good-humoredly but firmly asking. I never grab and I often purchase, but I find that there are few who can refuse a well-modulated request with a touch of human nature in it. I began life as a poor boy in the country. My parents died when I was ten and I was cast on the world knowing how to read, with the multiplication table mine, with a good natural fist and plenty of good humor that would stand strains. Lots of men have good humor that is good to look at, but you mustn't touch it. It's what I call touchy good humor. The real good humor is made of India-rubber, and you can jump on it and pinch it and it won't alter the shape a bit."

"Turn here," said I, for we were now come to the little settlement that announces the nearness of my summer home.

"Good, I see your house. That white one with the ampelopsis on it. Am I right?"

"Yes," said I. "Go on with the story of your life."

"That's all. I could read, write and cipher and couldn't get angry, and the rest was easy. I can read a little better now and *have* read a good deal; I can write my name to a check for $50,000, which shows that I understand addition pretty well, and I have two hundred pounds of good nature as against the sixty I had when a boy of ten. I know this country pretty well from Maine to Washington, and I can tell a Van Dyck from a Claude Lorrain in any gallery in Europe. I lay my napkin in my lap instead of putting it at my neck like a trained poodle, and I let a lady go out of a door ahead of me instead of blocking up the passage. So there you are. Not that you'll count you worthy such a guest, but that my presence dignifies your feast, to paraphrase somebody—blest if I know who. Is this where we get out?"

I may not be believed, but by this time I should have been sorry to see the man go on his way. He interested me. He humbled my pride and I took the humbling in good part. I dare say that among the Brahmins of Boston he would not have passed, but I am not a Brahmin of Boston. I lived in Boston for two years and not a Brahmin knew or cared. But I recognized in Mr. Tolmach a man who was not hidebound by conventions, and I thought that an hour or two of him would be in the nature of entertainment for us all, so I legalized his self-invitation by seconding it graciously.

The horse disposed of, I invited Mr. Tolmach to sit on the veranda while I went in and told Mrs. Docey of his arrival and explained his nature to her. I half expected him to follow me in, but when he did not I recognized that I had done him an injustice.

My two daughters had gone out for a walk and Mrs. Docey was lying down, but she arose, and when she had dressed she came down to the veranda where Mr. Tolmach and I were rendering cigars valueless.

When I presented my new-found friend I half expected some hifalutin speech, but he bowed respectfully and murmured something as unintelligible as any one could have wished. He also offered Mrs. Docey one of my chairs.

We talked of many things and I could see that Mrs. Docey was impressed with the adventurer. While we were talking my daughters returned from their walk. Irene is tall and very pretty, Anna is short and interesting looking. He bowed to both but addressed himself to Irene, and in a short time Anna excused herself and went into the house and I saw that she was not pleased with our guest.

He was the life of the feast when we all assembled in the dining-room. He had indeed been everywhere and he had brought something away from every place. He was not like that business man in Western New York who went to Venice and was asked upon his return what he thought of the city of the doges.

"Had no chance to think anything. Saw it under adverse circumstances. Streets were literally flooded. Yes, there was one thing struck me. The dagos had taken advantage of the flood to rig up a lot of canoes and they were making hay while the floods lasted. But I left soon."

Mr. Tolmach was not like that man. He knew the point of view appropriate to each place he had visited in this and the old country, and I was sincerely glad that I had picked him up—or rather that he had picked me up and brought me home in time for such a pleasant dinner.

Coffee was served on the veranda, and just about the time that I supposed he was going to rise and take his departure—for he had told me that he was due at Columbus, Ohio, the forepart of the week, his vacation being at an end—he suggested that we take a walk, and as Anna did not care to make one of the party Mrs. Docey and I walked side by side, and he and Irene walked ahead. The west was yet stained with the sunset dyes and the moon was ready to light up the earth as soon as the sun should have entirely given over his duties. A crisp westerly breeze made it just the evening for a walk, but I, thinking only of the conventions, said to Mrs. Docey, "When *is* this man going?" and was surprised to have her reply, "I don't care if he never goes. I like him."

"Anna doesn't," said I.

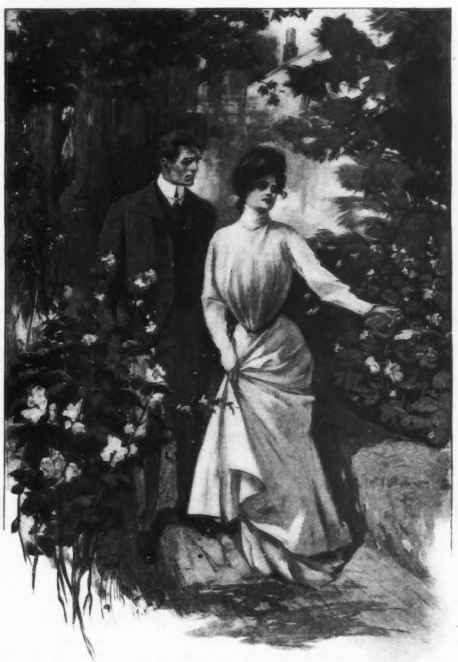
"Anna is too young," was her answer, given so impressively that I turned and looked at her. She returned my stare and said, "Irene likes him and that is more to the point."

I shook my head flabbergastedly. "Women are enigmas," said I.

"Why," said Mrs. Docey, lowering her already low voice, "I don't mean that I shouldn't wish him to furnish references, but if I can read character at all he is fundamentally a nice man and a manly man, and he is very fond of Irene. It is a case of love at first sight with him."

"Then the sooner he is out of sight the better," said I.. I had a vision of my Irene gracing an Ohio home and I did not like it.

We had now come to a wood road that leads down to the trolley road that connects Winston and Barkinton. Irene picked a wild-flower by the waning light and brought it to her mother to ask some question concerning its species, and I took the opportunity to draw Mr. Tolmach aside.



—THEY WANDERED ALONG THE WINDING WALKS AND PRETENDED TO INTEREST THEMSELVES IN HOLLYHOCKS

"I don't want to seem rude," said I, "but the last train from Barkinton leaves at 8:20 and the last connecting trolley will be along in a few minutes. This wood road leads to the track. If you are thinking of going to——"

"I gave up that thought just about the time the roast was served," said Mr. Tolmach pleasantly but firmly. "I will admit that I forced myself upon you in the road and I have no intention of forcing myself still further, but if you cannot accommodate me for the night perhaps you can tell me of some farmer who does not object to a boarder——"

Mrs. Docey had overheard the last part of his remark and she came forward at this juncture and said:

"I think that Mr. Parker has a room vacant, but he has gone to Riverton to-night. If Mr. Tolmach cares to accept——"

There was no help for it now if Mrs. Docey had come to his aid, so I interrupted and said:

"Why—er—yes, we'd be—er—pleased to have you stay overnight. There's a train that connects with one for the West in the morning."

"It's very kind of you," said Mr. Tolmach, speaking to me but looking at Irene, and the last ray of sunlight having vanished from the west we walked home. . . .

Mrs. Docey slept peacefully that night, but I did not. I accused myself of being a sumph, whatever that is, and I wished that I had whipped up or ever I had seen the odious Mr. Tolmach. He was just as breezy as he had been, but I wanted to protect my daughter from every breeze that blows.

Breakfast is generally a very pleasant affair. Both Irene and Anna have a way of investing a very small incident with a temporary interest that makes for the enlivenment of a meal, but this morning every time I looked at either Irene or Mr. Tolmach I felt a twinge of pain. She seemed to dwell so on his words and all his utterances seemed intended for her approval. Mrs. Docey prospered his jests with abundant laughter and even Anna smiled at his Western breeziness. Not one of my family understood that I was playing the rôle of dignified parent, and after a while I gave over playing it and allowed myself to be amused at Mr. Tolmach's sallies, and even joined with him in airy persiflage.

After breakfast I intimated to Mr. Tolmach that we drove to church in Barkinton at ten o'clock, but that if he wished to catch the train I could carry him down in time for it.

"Trains run every day, Mr. Docey," said he, "but days like this don't occur more than once or twice in a lifetime. I am my own master and to-morrow will suit my business as well as to-day."

Just then Irene appeared at the door and said:

"Mr. Tolmach, if you really want to see the old-fashioned garden I'll take you there."

Again that twinge, but I did not stop them, although I knew that they were unchaperoned and that an old-fashioned garden is one of the best places in the world for love-making. I proposed to Mrs. Docey in an old-fashioned garden.

Anna had gone to her room to prepare her Bible lesson and Mrs. Docey was in the kitchen superintending the making of some intricate dessert. I sat down by a window overlooking the garden and tried to interest myself with a current magazine, but if my eyes fell on the pictures and text they saw nothing but the picture in the garden: the tall and graceful Irene and the type of American resolution at her side as they wandered along the winding walks and pretended to interest themselves in hollyhocks and love-in-a-mist when love was in plain sight—to me at least.

What was it my duty to do? Should I rush out into the garden and say, "Here, Mr. Tolmach, if you are going to propose to my daughter wait until you know her better!" He might not be going to do it and I should have added another success to my long series of ridiculous parts. I could not call Irene into the house on any pretense whatever, for I am not good at pretending. I could merely sit at the window and lament that I am not another type of man.

It may have been a half-hour later or it may have been the next afternoon that Mrs. Docey went to the back piazza and called Irene in, excusing herself to Mr. Tolmach. Really, it sounded as if she thought that Mr. Tolmach had a claim on the girl already and that she must ask permission to borrow her daughter for a few brief moments.

Irene's return to the house was the signal for Mr. Tolmach to return also, only whereas she went to the kitchen he came to the front door and walked into the library where I was sitting.

"Well, this is another of those days Browning talks about, isn't it?" said he.

I told him tartly that I didn't know that Browning talked about any days; that I didn't pretend to follow Browning, but that there was too much east wind to suit me.

He took no notice of my ill nature but seated himself in an easy chair, reached over for a cigar, and then withdrew his hand in so whimsical a way that I said, "Help yourself."

"Join me," said he, quite as if he were presenting me with the box, and we lit from the same match.

I smoked feverishly; he as calmly as a stage detective. He blew countless wreaths into the study air and looked out of the window at the long reach of hills in a contiguous State, hills twenty miles away but the village's most valuable asset from the point of view of the summer visitor. Oh, if he would only go over those hills and vanish in the illimitable purple!

"Ever think about your daughter's going off?" said he finally.

I stabbed a pen into the desk, but I didn't say anything.

"Don't wonder at it at all," said he sympathetically. "I'd feel just the same way if I had a daughter like Miss Irene." He offered me a light for my cigar, which after violently puffing for a season I had allowed to go out.

When my weed had resumed consumption he looked me full in the face and said: "Well, there's no use of mincing words or of wasting 'em. I'm hard hit. If any one had told me last night that the little man in the Concord wagon drawn by a limping horse was going to carry me to where they would make a target of my heart I should have refused to get in, for I supposed that I was a confirmed bachelor and gloried in the supposition. But I felt like imposing myself on you because I picked you out for an easy mark, and here I am and I want to tell you that your daughter satisfies all my ideas of what a woman should be. Now I expect you to say No because you don't know whether I was born yesterday or have been a criminal in five or six previous existences, but I'm going to give you time to verify me. I'm going to let you call up the Governor of this State who happens to be my brother-in-law, and if you're not satisfied with his recommendation I can connect you with solid business men in Stamford and New Britain and Waterbury. I'll get 'em before they go to church, for that's the kind of men all of 'em are—churchgoers. I haven't been myself, but if Miss Irene *wants* me to I'll become whatever she is as soon as I've read up on the requirements. If you are convinced that I am what I say I am, a successful man of business who is just entering on his first bit of romance, I'll take to-morrow's train for Columbus and I'll arrange my business so that I can leave it indefinitely, and then I'll come back here and make a father-in-law of you in ten minutes by the clock. I have asked your daughter and she is willing to abide by your decision even if it is adverse. She also said something about waiting. But there won't be any need of waiting, and I know what your decision will be just as I knew yesterday that you would bring me home to dinner. As for waiting, if we decided to do that I'd have to go to Columbus, and neither you nor she would have a chance to study my character, and at the end of six months we shouldn't have advanced a step. This is all I have to say except that I sounded Mrs. Docey just after breakfast and she repressed a pleased smile. Now, if you'll give me the telephone book I'll show you what number to call up."

He ended his long speech, which I had heard in silence, and I know that there are those who will say that I ought to have jumped up quickly and thrown him out, but I weigh one hundred and ten pounds and he weighs at least two hundred, and it's all solid. If I had taken him and flung him he would not have gone far. He would have come back. I should once more have been ridiculous. I determined to submit gracefully. He showed me the telephone number of the Governor of Connecticut, a sterling man for whom I had voted gladly, and I called him up and found him just about starting for church.

I told him who I was and he gave the following replies to my questions.

"Know Mr. Tolmach—Jack Tolmach? Of course I do. He's my brother-in-law—my wife's brother."

It was hard after this declaration of relationship for me to ask in cold blood whether my visitor was all right, but one can say things over miles of wire that would sound awkward in a face-to-face conversation, and I put my query.

"Good as wheat. Fine as silk," came the answer.

Here some one else seemed to have come near the telephone, for the Governor began to laugh and I heard feminine laughter.

The Governor continued. "What's your hurry, Mr. Docey? Indorsed any paper of his?"

"No, oh no, but he wants to marry my daughter."

Again I heard laughter. It seemed to strike the Governor as queer that I should telephone instead of writing, but Mr. Tolmach was in a hurry to get back to his business and the mails are slow.

I explained this to him. I said: "Mr. Tolmach wants to get back to Columbus and I don't know him as well as—as well as I hope to—and he suggested you as a well-known man, and I voted for you, so I thought I might call you up even though you never met me. One has to be careful about one's daughter."

The Governor: I didn't get that last. One has to be what?

Myself: One has to be careful about one's daughter.

The Governor (after a whispered consultation with the one who was near—probably his wife): Yes, you are right. One can't be too careful about one's daughter. Well, I can recommend Jack. He's self-made and he's always had his own way, but he gains his will gracefully.

Myself: Oh, yes, I know that. Well, then, you would advise me to let them get married?

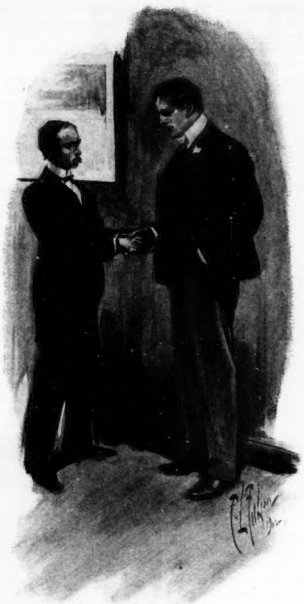
The Governor: Why, of course that rests with you, but Jack is all right. How long have you known him?

Myself: Oh, since last night. I feel I know him pretty well, but I wanted to make sure.

The Governor: Your cautiousness does you credit, but it's unnecessary in Jack's case. He's a good boy and will make a good son. I'll write, but I must go now. The Governor is never late to church, you know.

I caught the ring of immoderate laughter and then I was cut off. There had been no chance of collusion. I had heard the Governor make several political speeches, for although my business is in New York I am interested in Connecticut politics, and I recognized his voice.

I felt that to refuse my sanction after Mr. Tolmach had received this clean bill of health would be churlish, a thing that I always try to avoid. I had been in the box but the door was open, and Tolmach had heard most of my replies and had gathered the gist of the conversation. He looked radiant.



"GO TO COLUMBUS AND PREPARE FOR ANOTHER VACATION"

"That's just like Bill," said he. "Always ready to oblige and just as approachable as if he was the most insignificant man in the State. That was his wife, probably, who was laughing. She has a keen sense of humor."

"Well, so have I," I replied, "but I don't see what there was to laugh at. My questions were perfectly natural in a father. Perhaps the laughter was a bit hysterical, you being her brother."

At this juncture the door opened and Irene and her mother came in. I made a sign for Tolmach to step out, and he like a good fellow did so.

After he had closed the door behind him and I heard his manly step on the veranda I said, "Irene, do you love Mr. Tolmach?"

She hid her face on her mother's shoulder and burst into tears, but nodded her head so emphatically that I could not mistake her meaning, much as I should have liked to. It will be seen that I was not entirely reconciled to the new condition of things.

Mrs. Docey nodded her own head ecstatically, and with the firmness that I try to infuse into my disposition at critical times I called Mr. Tolmach in.

He came, his countenance radiant. He looked at Irene and her face kindled as the evening star kindles after the glance of the sun. That may sound poetic, but Irene would make any one poetic. I determined to give her away with dignity. I went over to her and kissed her. Then I kissed her mother. Then I shook hands with Tolmach and said, with just a touch of a quaver in my voice:

"Go to Columbus and prepare for another vacation."

And now to-day, two weeks later, I am writing this and the Governor and his wife are on their way to the station. Mr. and Mrs. Tolmach left an hour since, bound for Europe, where they can compare Claude Lorrains with Van Dycks, and tell which is a portrait and which a landscape at sight.

The Worship of the Brazen Calf

By JAMES L. FORD

A DAY AT THE COURT OF THE SUBURBAN SISTER-BY-MARRIAGE OF THE SUNDAY SPECIAL SOCIETY QUEEN

I CAN always find a certain cheerful pleasure in the recollection that, in framing that wise political instrument, the American Constitution, our prudent forebears were careful to prevent the creation of a landed nobility by prohibiting the right of entail. They were undoubtedly impelled to this step by a realizing sense of what British snobbery had become and an honest desire to prevent its seeds from taking root in the soil of the new country. They could not, however, foresee the brazen calf or the appalling extent to which its worship was destined to be carried on in this country. Time was when we scoffed at the British reverence for the peerage and its connections and dependencies, but we cannot laugh any more with the adoration of our absurd cloven-footed image going on in every city, town and village in the land. The English, moreover, are worshiping something that is tangible, powerful and an integral factor in their government. The history of their peerage is to a large extent the history of their country, and even a bankrupt and outcast noble may bear a name that stands for something in the eyes of those who think and read and remember.

And if right-minded men of both nations deplore this English worship of nobility that has at least made a place for itself in the counsels of the nation and kept it from century to century, what are they to say to this ridiculous bowing down before an idea that is so vague and intangible that even the high priests of the faith are unable to say exactly what it is or why it should be worshiped?

As to the extent of this idolatry, and the rapidity with which it has spread like a pestilence from its chief sanctuary in the metropolis through every grade of society and into every corner of the land, we have only to compare the popular ideals of to-day with those of an elder day to realize that the brazen calf is not merely a local fad but a national calamity. Its votaries are drawn from all classes of society, and include within their numbers not only the ignorant and the vulgar but also the intelligent and well bred.

If we turn to the pages of that early novel of New York society, The Upper Ten Thousand, we find ourselves doing reverence before good eating and better drinking, swift spins up Harlem Lane and pleasant hours of rest and refreshment in well-ordered taverns. Its author, Charles Astor Bristed, compels us to share his liking for the glass of old Madeira, the delightful family dinner at three in the afternoon, cooked to perfection and served in the simple fashion of the day; the swift drive behind long-tailed trotters over the packed snow—in short, for everything that belongs to comfort, good living and what was regarded then as elegance. He makes our mouths water for the food and drink that serve as a theme for his eloquence, and which he himself appreciated to the full—as a few surviving friends can testify.

Compare Bristed's work with that of the author of a modern novel of New York society. This one tells us of luxurious living, of the steam yacht, the private car, the house on Fifth Avenue and the cottage at Newport, but there is not a gleam of real comfort in any one of them. If he can succeed in making us understand how much everything cost, he has achieved his purpose. He takes us through the servants' hall and assumes an air of old familiarity when he speaks of the "second man" that makes the blood of snobbery tingle with delight. There is a French chef among these kitchen gods of his, but we cannot get up an appetite for his food, so thoroughly are we imbued with the sense of "good form" that pervades every page of the greasy romance.

Think for a moment of all this emptiness and then of the good things that Bristed's characters ate and drank. Compare Washington Irving's Burghers with a modern hero whose chief claim to our respect lies in his ability to kneel down before the brazen calf without ruining the crease in his trousers. Then we shall understand that there have been changes in the last half-century.

To me the train of thought awakened by the contemplation of this deterioration in ideals is anything but a pleasant one, especially when I realize that this school of fiction faithfully reflects the spirit that pervades not only the servants' hall

Editor's Note—This is the third and last of Mr. Ford's papers on the social shams of New York.

where it rightfully belongs, but also the drawing-rooms of a great many men and women who ought to display a far higher taste. It surprises me no longer to see the vulgar, the ignorant and the credulous engaged in worship before the brazen calf, but I must confess to a feeling of distinct surprise and regret, even at this late day, when I remark persons of really good breeding and of decent American blood prostrating themselves before this tawdry altar. But, after all, the high priests of the creed must know their business, for I find that their litany contains an invocation that was inserted to suit the especial needs of worshipers of this class, and I have never taxed one of these with idolatry without hearing some shamefaced excuse about "knowing desirable people."

I have known women to deny themselves the luxuries of life that they might send their children to expensive schools, and do most of their own housework that they might spare money for their daughters' ball dresses and cab hire, and all for no earthly reason save that their offspring might make the acquaintance of desirable people. But I have never yet known one of these women who knew why these people were desirable, or what degree of their desirability they could impart to their disciples. Verily the eider duck, stripping herself of her choicest feathers for the sake of her offspring, is not a circumstance, in point of maternal solicitude, to the woman who desires her progeny to meet desirable people.

It is this particular phase of the idolaters' creed which has taken such a strong hold on people of a class above the ordinary, and nowhere is the worship of desirable people carried on in a more absurd manner than in the little suburban town whose population is made up chiefly of men doing business in the city and their wives and children—"commuters" as they are termed in real-estate parlance. How happy the members of such a community would be if only the "commuteresses" could be forcibly prevented from reading about the goings on in Newport and Tuxedo! I have always believed that the poison of discontent first manifested itself in suburban life when they began to have "Casinos" and give "dinner dances" in them, and have "house parties," meaning friends staying over Sunday—and getting up in time to catch the seven-thirteen on Monday morning.

Now, the commuter himself, being one of the busiest men alive, has no time to occupy himself with questions of style, but his wife and daughters are generally ready to take that responsibility off his shoulders. And, as it is the feminine instinct to cling to or lean on some superior force, so there is in every suburban town a family to whom all, from the principal real-estate agent down to the last case of eviction, point with pride as related by marriage to some member of the "Four Hundred," and the family thus nobly connected is in every case looked up to as the very fountain-head of information regarding what "they" do. Moreover, a simple-minded couple might live for years in a city flat or home without giving a thought to the empty foolishness that is the cause of so much idolatrous worship, and then move out in the suburbs only to succumb within a twelve-month to the malign influence, not of wealth and fashion, but to the unreal court atmosphere with which the other commuters have invested the sister-by-marriage of a family whose names are frequently in the society columns.

The Suburban Society Leader

In many cases the sister-in-law herself is quite unconscious of the halo with which—thanks to the magic of a fashionable name—her neighbors have crowned her. I doubt if she ever realizes how closely she is watched or with what simian-like aptitude the wives of men whose incomes do not exceed three thousand dollars a year are endeavoring to reproduce in their homes, in their dress and on their tables whatever fashion she has set. If the sister-in-law has a door-mat with "Welcome" on it, a dozen porches will straightway blossom with these insignia of court life. Let her once put violet candle-shades on her dinner-table and complexions will feel that they have fallen upon evil days. If she attends a "dinner dance" at the "Casino" every detail of her dress, from the flowers in her hair to the soles of her high-heeled slippers, is certain to be noted for speedy imitation. Through her—a perhaps unconscious conduit—will filter a continual ooze of fashion which will spread itself over the village until nothing has escaped its fatal damp.

I myself can well remember when in Westchester County, in Astoria, Flatbush and the eastern end of Long Island, along the Passaic Valley and in the near-by Hudson River towns, there were social groups which were not only a law unto themselves but which were actually indifferent to what was going on in New York. The real estate in some of those places has increased in value since then, but the change in their social tone has been pitiful. It is not so much that the old-fashioned houses with big rooms, broad piazzas and open fireplaces have been replaced by modern Queen Annes with "reception halls" recommended by the agent as delightful for entertaining, but that the rather slow-going and altogether comfortable families who entertained one another hospitably and without pretense have been driven out by a clamorous, pushing tribe which stands in about the same relation to decent American society that their hall windows backed with colored paper do to the stained glass in Westminster Abbey.

Afraid of Being Called Provincial

That the small suburban town should find its highest pleasure in aping the fashion set by the greater neighboring city is not, after all, to be wondered at, but it is amazing to see the extent to which the noblest cities in the Union have been submerged by the great tidal wave of snobbery which issues from the metropolitan sanctuaries of the brazen calf.

It is not many years since every one of the older communities prided itself on its own aristocracy, its own social customs and its own standards. That, however, was before they had learned to become afraid of being called "provincial." To-day—thanks to that social Haussmannizing of the country which is the direct outcome of this new idolatry—all cities have been reduced to the same level and all ways point toward the metropolis, in the heart of which stands the sanctuary of the brazen calf. There is no longer a marked difference between the Bostonian and the Albanian, and if I were to be dropped from the clouds into the midst of a social gathering of which I knew only that it was in Portland, I should have to ask questions in order to find out whether I were in Portland, Maine, or Portland, Oregon.

CERTAIN TO BAFFLE THE SEATTLE CULTURE CLUB

The change of which I speak has come upon us noiselessly, gradually, and during a period so pregnant with exciting events, material progress and changes of all sorts that it has been almost unnoticed. It is only when we step aside from the swift rush of extraordinary happenings for a moment of retrospection that we become conscious of this change, and, of what is far more serious, the appalling deterioration in popular ideals. In the early seventies, the New Yorkers whose names were known throughout the whole country were Peter Cooper, Samuel J. Tilden, A. T. Stewart, William Cullen Bryant, P. T. Barnum, Cornelius Vanderbilt, James Gordon Bennett, Jay Gould, Lester Wallack, and Edwin Booth. These men were known by reason of their philanthropy, their statesmanship, their wealth or their professional achievements. Their social standing was never discussed west of Rahway and did not enter into the estimate placed upon them by the inhabitants of distant towns and villages. A hazy impression prevailed that they all lived on Fifth Avenue or on the urban mountain called Murray Hill in "marble palaces" of the kind described in the weekly story papers, but the precise "set" in which they and their families moved played no part in the conversation of farmers' wives and country storekeepers. The only New York women whose names were known throughout the country were those who, like Charlotte Cushman and Clara Louise Kellogg, had won real fame by legitimate means, and they were a source of national rather than local pride.

Who are the best-known New Yorkers of to-day? What men and what women are under discussion at this very moment in the Connecticut sewing-circle, in the domed hall of the Seattle Ruskin society and over the ironing-boards in Troy? At whom do the out-of-town guests of the Nickel-Plush Hotel gape, open-mouthed, in café, restaurant and corridor? Does all this solicitude and discussion indicate an appreciation of the men who have bettered the town by their philanthropy, their mercantile genius or their contributions to literature, science and art? Are these women, whose names are on every tongue, celebrated for their goodness of heart, their charity, their high breeding, or for any of the qualities that we honor in their sex? Indeed, we may go a step further and propound a question, simple enough and pointed, yet certain to baffle the combined intelligence of the village gossips, the Seattle culture club and the Troy laundries: Why are these men and women the subjects of such general discussion?

Because of the constant reiteration of their names in the columns of a press that knows well the trick of feeding a vulgar public fancy and has influence enough to make a monkey who can do nothing but grin through a horse-collar a personage of far greater interest and importance in the eyes of half the people in the country than the President of Harvard University.

I cannot better illustrate the interest that is felt in the doings of the men and women of New York society even in the most remote corners of the land than by the narration of a story that was current in the town a year or two ago regarding a certain New Yorker of wealth, leisure and great social vogue, who found himself at the end of a winter of unusual gayety so completely worn out by the continual round of dining, play-going, bridge whist and late supping that he determined to withdraw for a time from the resorts of fashion and treat himself to a fortnight of rest and trout fishing in a remote part of the country. The place which he chose was so remote from civilization that he felt perfectly sure that during his stay there he would not hear a single word about society, or theatres, or terrapin, or any of the other things that had long since palled upon his taste.

It was, therefore, with a keen sense of relief from a boredom that had grown intolerable that he found himself seated in the stern of a flat-bottomed skiff which a stalwart guide was rowing toward the deep, foamy rapids at the head of the lake where the fish were at play. It was early morning, the soggy gray clouds hung low over the wooded hills, and the surface of the lake was smooth as a mirror save for the track made by the boat and the breaking of the water here and there where a trout leaped upon a passing insect. As the New Yorker carefully tied two tempting flies to his water-soaked catgut, he said to himself with a sigh of relief: "Thank Heaven, I have found a place where for two weeks I shall not hear a word about society."

It was at this moment that the guide, who had been regarding him intently, suddenly ceased rowing, and bending forward with his hands on his oars, said with intense seriousness:

"I tell you what it is, boss; Willie K. he done just right."

The holiday was spoiled, for there was not a person in the little community who was not an ardent reader of society news.

The Fable of the Fool and the Financier

One more story I will tell—and one, too, that I know to be true—if only to show that there are some people who are too shrewd to be influenced by the cheap bluff and hollow pretense that is part and parcel of the creed of the brazen calf.

Not many years ago there lived in a prosperous Western city a young couple who were not unlike in general characteristics the John and Mary whom I have described in a previous article. The husband had no capital of his own, but earned a salary liberal enough to allow them to live comfortably in a small house of their own and to spend a month or two at the seaside in the summer and a fortnight in New York in the winter. It was during one of these fortnights that the wife fell under the pestilential influence of the brazen calf and formed habits of secret worship at its shrine in the Nickel-Plush Hotel, which she frequented sedulously in company with fellow-idolatresses from her boarding-house. From the moment of her fall a great and noble ambition took possession of her brain, depriving her of sleep by night and peace by day

(*Continued on Page 18*)

THE PIT

By FRANK NORRIS

Author of The Octopus

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CHAPTER XIII

WHOLE days now went by when Jadwin saw his wife only at breakfast and at dinner. At times she was angry, hurt, and grieved that he should leave her so much alone. But there were moments when she was sorry for him. She seemed to divine that he was not all to blame.

What Laura thought he could only guess. She no longer spoke of his absorption in business. At times he thought he saw reproach and appeal in her dark eyes, at times anger and a pride cruelly wounded. A few months ago this would have touched him. But now he all at once broke out vehemently:

"You think I am wilfully doing this! You don't know; you haven't a guess. I corner the wheat! Great Heavens, it is the wheat that has cornered me! The corner made itself. I happened to stand between two sets of circumstances, and they made me do what I've done. I couldn't get out of it now with all the good will in the world. Go to the theatre to-night with you and the Cresslers? Why, old girl, you might as well ask me to go to Jericho. Let that Mr. Corthell take my place."

And very naturally this was what was done. The artist sent a great bunch of roses to Mrs. Jadwin upon the receipt of her invitation, and after the play had the party to supper in his apartments that overlooked the lake front. Supper over, he escorted her, Mrs. Cressler and Page back to their respective homes.

By a coincidence that struck them all as very amusing, he was the only man of the party. At the last moment Page had received a telegram from Landry. He was, it appeared, sick and in bed. The day's work on the Board of Trade had quite used him up for the moment, and his doctor forbade him to stir out of doors. Mrs. Cressler explained that Charlie had something on his mind these days that was making an old man of him.

"He don't ever talk shop with me," she said. "I'm sure he hasn't been speculating, but he's worried and fidgety to beat all I ever saw, this last week; and now this evening he had to take himself off to meet some customer or other at the Palmer House."

They dropped Mrs. Cressler at the door of her home and then went on to the Jadwins'.

"I remember," said Laura to Corthell, "that once before the three of us came home this way. Remember? It was the night of the opera. That was the night I first met Mr. Jadwin."

"It was the night of the Helmick failure," said Page seriously, "and the office buildings were all lit up. See," she added as they drove up to the house, "there's a light in the library, and it must be nearly one o'clock. Mr. Jadwin is up yet."

Laura fell suddenly silent. When was it all going to end, and how? Night after night her husband shut himself thus in the library, and toiled on till early dawn. She enjoyed no companionship with him. Her evenings were long, her time hung with insupportable heaviness upon her hands.

"Shall you be at home?" inquired Corthell, as he held her hand a moment at the door. "Shall you be at home to-morrow evening? May I come and play to you again?"

"Yes, yes," she answered. "Yes, I shall be home. Yes, do come."

Laura's carriage drove the artist back to his apartments. All the way he sat motionless in his place looking out of the window with unseeing eyes. His cigarette went out, but he forgot to relight it.

"OH, HE FORGOT IT," SHE MURMURED

Thoughtful and abstracted he slowly mounted the stairway—the elevator having stopped for the night—to his studio, let himself in, and, throwing aside his hat and coat, sat down without lighting the gas in front of the fireplace, where (the weather being even yet sharp) an armful of logs smouldered on the flagstones.

His man, Evans, came from out an inner room to ask if he wanted anything. Corthell got out of his evening coat, and Evans brought him his smoking-jacket and set the little table with its long tin box of cigarettes and ash trays at his elbow. Then he lit the tall lamp of corroded bronze, with its heavy silk shade, that stood on a table in the angle of the room, drew the curtains, put a fresh log upon the fire, held the tiny silver alcohol burner to Corthell while the latter lighted a fresh cigarette, and then with a murmured "Good-night, sir," went out, closing the door with the precaution of a depredator.

This suite of rooms, facing the lake front, was what Corthell called "home." Whenever he went away he left it exactly as it was, in the charge of the faithful Evans; and no matter how long he was absent he never returned thither without a sense of welcome and relief. Even now, perplexed as he was, he was conscious of a feeling of comfort and pleasure as he settled himself in his chair.

The lamp threw a dull illumination about the room. It was a picturesque apartment, carefully planned. Not an object that had not been chosen with care and the utmost discrimination. The walls had been treated with copper leaf till they produced a sombre, iridescent effect of green and faint gold, that suggested the depth of a forest glade shot through with the sunset. Shelves bearing eighteenth-century books in seal-brown tree-calf—Addison, the Spectator, Junius and Racine, Rochefoucauld and Pascal—hung against it here and there. On every hand the eye rested upon some small masterpiece of art or workmanship. Now it was an antique portrait bust of the days of decadent Rome, black marble with a bronze tiara; now a framed page of a fourteenth-century version of Li Quatres filz d'Aymon, with an illuminated letter of miraculous workmanship; or a Renaissance gonfalon of silk once white but now brown with age, yet in the centre blazing with the escutcheon and quarterings of a dead queen. Between the windows stood an ivory statuette of the Venus of the Heel, done in the days of the magnificent Lorenzo; an original Cazin; and a chalk drawing by Baudry hung against the wall close together with a bronze tablet by Saint Gaudens; while across the entire end of the room opposite the fireplace, worked in the tapestry of the best period of the northern French school, Halcyone, her arms already blossoming into wings, hovered over the dead body of Ceyx, his long hair streaming like seaweed in the blue waters of the Ægean.

For a long time Corthell sat motionless, looking into the fire. In an adjoining room a clock chimed the half-hour of one, and the artist stirred, passing his long fingers across his eyes.

After a long while he rose, and going to the fireplace leaned an arm against the overhanging shelf, and resting his forehead against it, remained in that position, looking down at the smouldering logs.

"She is unhappy," he murmured. "It is not difficult to see that. . . . Unhappy and lonely. Oh, fool, fool, to have left her when you might have stayed! Oh, fool, fool, not to find the strength to leave her now when you should not remain!"

The following evening Corthell called upon Mrs. Jadwin. She was alone, as he usually found her. He had brought a book of poems with him, and instead of passing the evening in the art gallery, as they had planned, he read aloud to her from Rossetti. Nothing could have been more conventional than their conversation, nothing more impersonal. But on his way home one feature of their talk suddenly occurred to him. It struck him as significant; but of what he did not care to put into words. Neither he nor Laura had once spoken of Jadwin throughout the entire evening.

Little by little the companionship grew. Corthell shut his eyes, his ears. The thought of Laura, the recollection of their last evening together, the anticipation of the next meeting filled all his waking hours. He refused to think; he resigned himself to the drift of the current. Jadwin he rarely saw. But on those few occasions when he and Laura's husband met he could detect no lack of cordiality in the other's greeting. Once even Jadwin had remarked:

"I'm very glad you have come to see Mrs. Jadwin, Corthell. I have to be away so much these days I'm afraid she would be lonesome if it wasn't for some one like you to drop in now and then and talk art to her."

By slow degrees the companionship trended toward intimacy. At the various theatres and concerts he was her escort. He called upon her two or three times each week. At his studio entertainments Laura was always present. How—Corthell asked himself—did she regard the affair? She gave him no sign; she never intimated that his presence was otherwise than agreeable. Was this tacit acquiescence of hers an encouragement? Was she willing to *afficher* herself as a married woman with a cavalier? Her married life was intolerable, he was sure of that; her husband uncongenial. He told himself that she detested him.

Once, however, this belief was rather shocked by an unexpected and (to him) an inconsistent reaction on Laura's part. She had made an engagement with him to spend an afternoon in the Art Institute, looking over certain newly acquired canvases. But upon calling for her an hour after luncheon he was informed that Mrs. Jadwin was not at home. When next she saw him she told him that she had spent the entire day with her husband. They had taken an early train and had gone up to Geneva Lake to look over their country house, and to prepare for its opening later in the spring. They had taken the decision so unexpectedly that she had no time to tell him of the change in her plans. Corthell wondered if she had—as a matter of fact—forgotten all about her appointment with him. He never quite understood the incident, and afterward asked himself whether or no he could be so sure, after all, of the estrangement between the husband and wife. He guessed it to be possible that on this occasion Jadwin had suddenly decided to give himself a holiday, and that Laura had been quick to take advantage of it. Was it true, then, that Jadwin had but to speak the word to have Laura forget all else? Was it true that the mere nod of his head was enough to call her back to him? Corthell was puzzled. He would not admit this to be true. She was, he was persuaded, a woman of more spirit, of more pride than this would seem to indicate. Corthell ended by believing that Jadwin had, in some way, coerced her; though he fancied that for the few days immediately following the excursion Laura had never been gayer, more alert, more radiant.

But the days went on, and it was easy to see that his business kept Jadwin more and more from his wife. Often now, Corthell knew, he passed the night downtown, and upon those occasions when he managed to get home after the day's work he was exhausted, worn out, and went to bed almost immediately after dinner. More than ever now the artist and Mrs. Jadwin were thrown together. During one certain week he contrived to see her each day, and as she still opposed no obstacle to his attentions Corthell began to wonder as to the exact extent to which the affair would proceed.

On a certain Sunday evening, the first really hot day of the year, Laura and Page went over to spend an hour with the Cresslers, and—as they were all wont to do in the old days before Laura's marriage—the party "sat out on the front stoop." For a wonder, Jadwin was able to be present. Laura had prevailed upon him to give her this evening and

—HE SAT MOTIONLESS . . . LOOKING OUT OF THE WINDOW WITH UNSEEING EYES

the evening of the following Wednesday—on which latter occasion she had planned that they were to take a long drive in the park in the buggy, just the two of them, as it had been in the days of their courtship.

Corthell came to the Cresslers' quite as a matter of course. He had dined with the Jadwins at the great North Avenue house and afterward the three, preferring to walk, had come down to the Cresslers' on foot.

But evidently the artist was to see but little of Laura Jadwin that evening. She continued to keep by her husband continually. She even managed to get him away from the others, and the two, leaving the rest upon the steps, sat in the parlor of the Cresslers' house, talking.

By and by Laura, full of her projects, exclaimed:

"Where will we go? I thought, perhaps, we would not have dinner at home, but you could come back to the house just a little—a little bit—early, and you could drive me out to the restaurant there in the park, and we could have dinner there, just as though we weren't married—just as though we were sweethearts again. Oh, I do hope the weather will be fine."

"Oh," answered Jadwin, "you mean Wednesday evening. Dear old girl, honestly, I—I don't believe I can make it, after all. You see, Wednesday ——"

Laura sat suddenly erect.

"But you said," she began, her voice faltering, "you ——"

"Honey, I know I did, but you must let me off this time again."

She did not answer. It was too dark for him to see her face; but, uneasy at her silence, he began an elaborate explanation. Laura, however, interrupted. Calmly enough she said:

"Oh, that's all right. No, no, I don't mind. Of course, if you're busy."

"Well, you see, don't you, old girl?"

"Oh, yes, yes, I see," she answered. She rose.

"I think," she said, "we had better be going home. Don't you?"

"Yes, I do," he assented. "I'm pretty tired myself. I've had a hard day's work. I'm thirsty, too," he added as he got up. "Would you like to have a drink of water, too?"

She shook her head, and while he disappeared in the direction of the Cresslers' dining-room she stood alone a moment in the darkened room looking out into the street. She felt that her cheeks were hot. Her hands, hanging at her sides, shut themselves into tight fists.

"What! you are all alone?" said Corthell's voice behind her.

She turned about quickly.

"I must be going," he said. "I came to say good-night." He held out his hand.

"Good-night," she answered as she gave him hers. Then all at once she added:

"Come to see me again—soon, will you? Come Wednesday night."

And then, his heart leaping to his throat, Corthell felt her hand, as it lay in his, close for an instant firmly about his fingers.

"I shall expect you Wednesday then?" she repeated.

He crushed her hand in his grip, and suddenly bent and kissed it.

"Good-night," she said quietly. Jadwin's step sounded at the doorway.

"Good-night," he whispered, and in another moment was gone.

During these days Laura no longer knew herself. At every hour she changed; her moods came and went with a rapidity that bewildered all those who were around her. At times her gayety filled the whole of her great house; at times she shut herself in her apartments, denying herself to every one, and, her head bowed upon her folded arms, wept as though her heart was breaking, without knowing why.

As often as the thought of the artist presented itself to her she fought to put it from her. Yes, yes, he came to see her often, very often. Perhaps he loved her yet. Well, suppose he did? He had always loved her. It was not wrong to have him love her, to have him with her. Without his company, great Heavens! her life would be lonely beyond words and beyond endurance. Besides, was it to be thought, for an instant, that she, she, Laura Jadwin, in her pitch of pride, with all her beauty, with her quick, keen mind, was to pine, to droop, to fade in oblivion and neglect? Was she to blame? Let those who neglected her look to it. Her youth was with her yet, and all her power to attract, to compel admiration.

When Corthell came to see her on the Wednesday evening in question, Laura said to him, after a few moments' conversation in the drawing-room:

"Oh, you remember the picture you taught me to appreciate—the picture of the little pool in the art gallery, the one you called 'Despair'? I have hung it in my own particular room upstairs—my sitting-room—so as to have it where I can see it always. I love it now. But," she added, "I am not sure about the light. I think it could be hung to better advantage." She hesitated a moment, then, with a sudden, impulsive movement, she turned to him.

"Won't you come up with me, and tell me where to hang it?"

They took the little elevator to the floor above, and Laura led the artist to the room in question—her "sitting-room," a wide, airy place, the polished floor covered with deep skins, the walls wainscoted half-way to the ceiling in dull woods. Shelves of books were everywhere, together with potted plants and tall brass lamps. A long Madeira chair stood at the window which overlooked the park and lake, and near to it a great round table of San Domingo mahogany, with tea things and almost diaphanous china.

"What a beautiful room," murmured Corthell as she touched the button in the wall that turned on the current, "and how much you have impressed your individuality upon it. I should have known that you lived here. If you were thousands of miles away and I had entered here, I should have known it was yours—and loved it for such."

"Here is the picture," she said, indicating where it hung. "Doesn't it seem to you that the light is bad?"

But he explained to her that it was not so, and that she had but to incline the canvas a little more to get a good effect.

HE CRUSHED HER HAND IN HIS GRIP, AND SUDDENLY BENT AND KISSED IT

"Of course, of course," she assented, as he held the picture in place. "Of course. I shall have it hung over again to-morrow."

For some moments they remained standing in the centre of the room, looking at the picture and talking of it. And then, without remembering just how it had happened, Laura found herself leaning back in the Madeira chair, Corthell seated near at hand by the round table.

"I am glad you like my room," she said. "It is here that I spend most of my time. Often lately I have had my dinner here. Page goes out a great deal now, and so I am left alone occasionally. Last night I sat here in the dark for a long time. The house was so still, everybody was out—even some of the servants. It was so warm I raised the windows and sat here for hours looking out over the lake. I could hear it lapping and washing against the shore—almost like a sea. And it was so still, so still; and I was thinking of the time when I was a little girl, back at Barrington, years and years ago, picking whortleberries down in the 'water lot,' and how I got lost once in the corn—the stalks were away above my head—and how happy I was when my father would take me up on the hay wagon. Ah, I was happy in those days—just a freckled, black-haired slip of a little girl, with my frock torn and my hands all scratched with the berry bushes.

"If I had only known then that those days were to be the happiest of my life. . . . This great house, all the beauty of it, and all this wealth, what does it amount to?

"All this wealth," she continued, her head dropping back upon the cushion of the chair as she spoke, "what does it matter—for what does it compensate? Oh, I would give it all gladly, gladly, to be that little black-haired girl again, back in 'Squire Dearborn's water lot, with my hands stained with the whortleberries and the nettles in my fingers—and my little lover, who called me his beau-heart and brought me a blue hair ribbon, and kissed me behind the pump-house."

"Ah," said Corthell quickly and earnestly, "that is the secret. It was love—even the foolish boy and girl love—love that, after all, made your life sweet then."

She let her hands fall into her lap, and, musing, turned the rings back and forth upon her fingers.

"Don't you think so?" he asked in a low voice.

She bent her head slowly, without replying. Then for a long moment neither spoke. Laura played with her rings. The artist, leaning forward in his chair, looked with vague eyes across the room. And no interval of time since his return, no words that had ever passed between them, had been so fraught with significance, so potent in drawing them together as this brief, wordless moment.

At last Corthell turned toward her.

"You must not think," he murmured, "that your life is without love now. I will not have you believe that."

But she made no answer.

"If you would only see," he went on. "If you would only condescend to look, you would know that there is a love which has enfolded your life for years. You have shut it out from you always. But it has been yours just the same; it has lain at your door; it has looked—oh, God knows with what longing!—through your windows. You have never stirred abroad that it has not followed you. Not a footprint of yours that it does not know and cherish. Do you think that your life is without love? Why, it is all around you—all around you, but voiceless. It has no right to speak; it only has the right to suffer."

Still Laura said no word. Her head turned from him, she looked out of the window, and once more the seconds passed while neither spoke. The clock on the table ticked steadily. In the distance, through the open window, came the incessant, mournful wash of the lake. All around them the great house was still. At length Laura sat upright in her chair.

"I think I will have this room done over while we are away this summer," she said. "Don't you think it would be effective if the wainscoting went almost to the ceiling?"

He glanced critically about the room.

"Very," he answered briskly. "There is no background so beautiful as wood."

"And I might finish it off at the top with a narrow shelf."

"Providing you promised not to put brass 'plaques' or pewter kitchenware upon it."

"Do smoke," she urged him. "I know you want to. You will find matches on the table."

But Corthell, as he lit his cigarette, produced his own matchbox. It was a curious bit of antique silver, which he had bought in a Viennese pawnshop, heart-shaped and topped with a small ducal coronet of worn gold. On one side he had caused his name to be engraved in small script. Now, as Laura admired it, he held it toward her.

"An old pouncet-box, I believe," he informed her, "or possibly it held an ointment for her finger-nails." He spilled the matches into his hand. "You see the red stain still on the inside; and—smell," he added as she took it from him. "Even the odor of the sulphur matches cannot smother the quaint old perfume, distilled perhaps three centuries ago."

An hour later Corthell left her. She did not follow him farther than the threshold of the room, but let him find his way to the front door alone.

When he had gone she returned to the room, and for a little while sat in her accustomed place by the window overlooking the park and the lake. Very soon after Corthell's departure she heard Page, Landry Court and Mrs. Wessels come in; then at length rousing from her reverie she prepared for bed.

(*Continued on Page 20*)

XUM

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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶Opportunity generally knocks during office hours.

¶Some men lose their own health drinking the health of others.

¶Where matrimony is bliss it is folly to read the divorce news.

¶Trusts best raise themselves in public esteem by raising wages.

¶A good excuse pleases some natures more than a feat accomplished.

¶Next to a happy home the brightest spot on earth is the sunny side of a bargain.

¶Those who have the most faith in mankind sometimes rent boxes in safe deposit vaults.

¶Laugh and the world laughs with you. That is, all but the Englishman. He stares at you.

¶Modern society is distinguished by the politeness of its welcome and the cordiality of its farewell.

¶Only a letter's difference—speculation and peculation; pluck and luck—and in each case one usually leads to the other.

¶Exercise is just as valuable when done as work as when performed in a gymnasium. The muscles do not know the difference between chopping wood and swinging Indian clubs.

¶Prosperity has come to a pretty pass when the railroads have so much freight they cannot move it. Now if they could only turn it into passengers they might make it hang up by the straps.

¶In four hundred years, says Lord Kelvin, the earth's coal will be exhausted. From the way things are going now the earth's patience will be exhausted about three hundred and ninety-nine years earlier than that.

¶After a while we may have time in minute tabloids. The modern engine can make almost two miles a minute. The latest repeating pistol fires a hundred shots a minute. In a minute Marconi can get a message across the Atlantic without wires. By Delany's new system eight thousand words a minute can be sent and recorded over the same wire. But ten-minute speeches are as long as ever, and there is no promise of improvement in the man who hangs on his office door the sign, "Will be back in five minutes."

Does it Pay?

MR. NORRIS tells us that Jadwin, young, enormously rich and married to a woman that he loved, cried out in despair: "What am I to do? I don't believe in lounging around clubs, or playing with race-horses, or murdering game birds. I can't sit down and twiddle my thumbs. What are we fellows who have made our money to do?"

So finding nothing in our American life he turned in to make more money.

It is an unpleasant fact that most of the sons of American rich men either squander their fortunes on yachts, race-horses, gambling, or more dangerous kinds of fun, or go to work like Jadwin to make more millions.

Is there really no employment in life open to Americans besides the making of money or the wasting of it?

In England such a young man would probably go into Parliament and give his help to the party that he favored. When his father died he would settle on the family estate, would look after the tenants, become a country magistrate, marry and bring up his son to take his place, some day, in his turn.

Or he would make a hobby of art, of literature, of archæology, of charity, of hunting big game or climbing high mountains.

Toynbee Hall, one of the most effective agents in the uplifting of the poor of London, was started by a half-dozen young Oxford men, the sons of peers and eminent commoners. They gave not only their income but their lives to work in it.

Another young fellow, the heir of a great but impoverished English family, discovered an ancient Phœnician village under a marsh near Glastonbury and devoted his life to unearthing it. Being poor he dug with his own hands for years beside the day laborers.

No one was surprised at these men's choice of a career: no one laughed at it. Here we should have asked contemptuously, "How can that sort of thing be made to pay?" We should have accounted them fools.

One of the Vanderbilts showed some originality in his method of disposing of his millions. He bought a vast tract in North Carolina, built a palace on a mountain-top, planted a forestry and botanical gardens, established cattle farms, stables of the best stock, piggeries, dairies, henneries and vegetable and fruit gardens. He became the director of a great estate and of tenantry, for whom he built churches, schools and hospitals.

But the chief praise which he receives throughout the country is—"It pays well. It brings him in ten per cent."

A significant hint was given to us by the Moravians of a generation ago. It was then customary among that earnest and sincere people for a man to work hard up to his sixtieth year, and to live plainly, saving every dollar. Then he gave up work, devoting the rest of his life to books, music or charity. His income perhaps might be counted only by hundreds, but he had the great riches of a few years of time which he could use as he chose. "We do not come into the world," said one of these brethren, "to earn the means of living: but to justify our right to be alive."

Something Better Than Medicine

AN AMERICAN, with the rare faculty for seeing things exactly as they are, managed to gain admission to a reception to a large Italian pilgrimage in the Sistine Chapel a few weeks ago. When the Pope was brought in he saw the frail figure and strangely white face he had expected to see; but he was surprised by the animation, the aliveness, of the features and gestures in response to the deafening shouts and cheers of the pilgrims. His astonishment became amazement when the Pope descended from the chair, walked to the rostrum, took off his heavy stole and handed it to an attendant, straightened himself, and in a firm, resonant voice proceeded to deliver a ten-minute oration—a swift flood of eloquent and energetic words, emphasized by gesticulation that was continuous and forceful. And for an hour afterward the Pope sat talking and laughing with the heads of the several delegations into which the pilgrimage was divided.

Away back in 1878, when the Papal election was holding, Leo XIII was chosen as a compromise because the rival candidates, looking at him as he sat among the Cardinals, thought that one so frail and white would not long postpone another attempt to achieve their ambition. That will be a quarter of a century ago on February 20, and within three months Leo will be ninety-three years old. He has never been outside the grounds of the Vatican since he was hailed Pope. The Vatican is on the most unhealthful of the hills of Rome. He was born a physical weakling, has been inclined to sickness all his life. Yet every day he has toiled and toils more hours than tradesmen permit their sturdy adherents to toil; for twenty-five years he has personally directed the policies and acts of his world-embracing church, even to details; he has been harassed by the most vexatious problems that have disturbed Catholic Rome since the days of Luther. And when he became Pope he had been hard at work for fifty years!

Why has he lived? Why has he been able to work and work hard and well at the most exhausting of all labor? How has he withstood that fatal combination—work and worry? Why has he not been compelled to take "long vacations" and "much needed rests"? Why has he never been down with "nervous prostration"?

The answer to all these questions is in two words:

Regularity. Diet.

The human body is nothing but a strong, delicate machine. It must be treated as a machine. It must be run regularly; it must be rested regularly; it must be repaired regularly. True, a priest can be regular with greater ease than many men of business or of the other professions. But it is also true that a man in any walk of life can compel himself to regularity—provided he has a serious, definite purpose on earth and sets about it intelligently and not like a child given the range of a confectionery. It is possible for any man to rise and to go to bed at the same hours every day, to arrange his physical life in just as orderly a fashion as he must arrange his mental life if he accomplishes anything at all.

But the great secret of Leo's power and capacity in spite of his feeble body and his ninety-two years is diet. Diet means enough fuel—plenty, but not fuel to choke the furnace.

The Pope eats for the good of his body, not for the amusement of his palate. He lets his mind tell him when to stop, not greedy, blind, selfish appetite. He eats so little that the average man or woman would call it starvation. But he eats enough, and it is of the best quality. At times he overeats—for the appetite for food is the strongest, the most insidious, the most dangerous in the human body. He is promptly punished, his feebleness making him luckier in that respect than are most overeaters. He doesn't then let his palate cajole and fool him into thinking he is ill because he eats too little; he doesn't eat more and send out for a package of pepsin chewing gum or a box of digestive tablets. He apologizes by eating nothing for a while and returns to his routine.

Possibly your doctor may not assent to this—he may like to eat, may have an appetite made morbid by years of overstimulation; he may like to fancy that disease germs can find lodgment in healthy tissue, that headaches and nerve-aches and fever blisters and low spirits and "nervous prostration" come from overwork and "our modern neurotic atmosphere" and not from a stomach overloaded by "three *square* meals." How many of us are willing to lay down our lives or, worse still, to spend them in discomfort and sickness for the sake of "three *square* meals a day" in defiance of our sedentary habits?

But, whatever your doctor and you may convince yourselves of, the truth remains. And Leo XIII, born a physical weakling, now nearly ninety-three, toiling like a beaver and weighted with responsibilities, is an unanswerable witness to that truth—and a splendid example of rational self-control.

Overeat if you will. But don't blame germs or the weather or work for the results.

The Ascent of Woman

THE cause of woman suffrage is gaining. It is a well-known fact that the writer with a vogue owes his enormous circulation not to men but to women, who throb with emotion over the wrongs of the heroines and pale with indignation when the gallant hero falls into the hands of the villain and has to kill seven of the villain's henchmen before he escapes from his peril. If there were no women there would be fewer romantic novels written, because men, as a rule, have something else to do than to read novels. Since it has become the fashion for popular writers to go in for politics we may expect to see the political author walk in the footsteps of all other politicians and favor those measures which are likely to prove most profitable to himself. On this side of the Atlantic we have Winston Churchill and Booth Tarkington and "J. S. of Dale" acquiring their political education as members of the legislature and candidates for Congress, while on the other side of the Atlantic Sir Gilbert Parker and Sir Conan Doyle, the two most popular authors of the day, are not unacquainted with the inside of historical Westminster Hall and the hurly-burly of the hustings, and the English Winston Churchill has for some years followed in the footsteps of his distinguished father and is now able to tell the American Winston Churchill how to avoid a political Crisis.

We may expect very soon to see some of these literary politicians—or shall we term them political littérateurs?—come out in favor of woman suffrage. Such a course would undoubtedly win the approval of the women, and increase the vogue of the authors and the bank accounts of their publishers, besides assuring the writers of the votes of their new constituents. If every woman who read The Right of Way or The Gentleman from Indiana should vote for their authors they might feel assured of remaining in political life as long as they cared to, and every woman who was granted the right to vote would feel in duty bound to buy a copy of the latest novel by her hero who had enfranchised and put her on the same political level as man. If the politicians of the old parties are wise they will immediately grant woman the right of suffrage; otherwise they are in danger of being confronted by an author's party, the main plank of whose platform will be a ballot for every woman and a copy of the "best selling book" of the week at bargain rates. And when that happens political calculations will be wrecked, the tariff and the trusts will be submerged and reciprocity a dead issue.

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A Manhattan Cockney

By CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS

WHEN I heard that Barclay Ryerson, old bachelor, had married I was surprised, but I believed it. When my informant, however, went on to state that he had built himself and his bride a house in the country, I refused to believe until the strongest kind of proof had been offered. Barclay Ryerson, not made out of dust like the rest of the world, but out of New York paving stones, to build himself a house in the country! The idea was preposterous, because if there ever was a thorough-going cockney on Manhattan Island Ryerson was the man. I suppose he had heard of the singing of birds, but to him there could be no music in Nature half so sweet as the tinkle of a horse-car bell, and a trim brick-front or brownstone block with neat grass-platted dooryards in orderly sequence was to his mind more beautiful than any possible combination of trees and hills, and hills and trees, and never a thing to remind one of civilization or the city—synonymous terms, their antitheses being barbarism or the country.

There were actually neighbors of his, I have heard Ryerson say, who left their comfortable homes every summer and went forth into the country, trying a different place every year in the hope of finding relief, and coming back with tales of mosquitoes and attic rooms of insufficient size, and queer food more queerly cooked, but *he* was too sensible to attempt the impossible—to look for comfort outside of good old New York—with Coney Island as a playground.

He had once told me of the charms of his front stoop. I liked the simplicity that led a man with iron-gray side whiskers *à la* Burnside to talk about his front stoop. "When I was a boy, sir," said he, "I used to play steam cars along our whole block, using my neighbors' front stoops for the passenger coaches and my own for the engine." There were little iron hand-rails that ended in ornamental newel-posts, and these were the brakes, he said. To set the brakes in the engine and then to make one's way along the whole train by creeping from parlor balcony to stoop and from stoop to parlor balcony brought into play the same muscles that a country boy uses in tree climbing, and it was every bit as dangerous. Did not Alonzo Ryker, his next-door neighbor, fall from a parlor balcony to the area steps and break his arm?

Alonzo had children of his own now, but he still remembered the old days and he still lived next door, and of a summer evening Ryerson would sit on his stoop or he would sit on Ryerson's and they would talk over boyhood days.

"That's one of the things that makes the city so superior to the country," said Ryerson—"the associations connected with it. You take a country boy and his associations are bound to be of the country, and as the country ain't pleasant the associations can't be. That's logic. But the different sights and smells of the city bring up a crowd of associations out of the past. Saw a picture the other day that reminded me that where the Albemarle flats now stand there used to be a Dutch Reformed church, just opposite my house, with a big churchyard in the front. I flew my first kite there and the sexton threatened to break my leg if he ever caught me there again. But that didn't prevent our playing prisoner's base there or taking belly-gutters in the winter down the plank walk, and now and then plump into the wooden fence. Yes, *sir*, the city for my money every time.

"A friend of mine was down East this summer," he went on, "and he says that where he was they don't use horses at all; nothing but oxen. Now I'm not much of a horseman myself, but I go for a ride once in a while when the liveryman can give me a speedy horse. But imagine speeding oxen! Why, if I was in the country I'd want to get about *faster* than I do here. In the city there's always something interesting going on—the crowds, or the store windows, or an ambulance clanging by, or a fire engine on the jump; but in the country there's so little doing that I should think the farmers would want to hurry up and get back when they go out so's to have the thing over with. But I leave it to you if there's any getting back with oxen for horses. I've seen oxen at work out on Long Island and they're slower'n a canal boat in winter quarters down at the foot of Old Slip.

"My friend tells me that the local fire company didn't even use horses for its engine, but was content with a team of oxen. Kerosene lamps in the house and oxen on the engines! I'd like to be out of the insurance business in the country."

Knowing the kind of man Mr. Ryerson was it will be understood that I was slow to believe that he had built a country house, but it proved to be true, and all along of the little god Cupid. It seems that my old friend fell in love with a real modern Nature lover. According to one of his nephews she knew how to tell the different birds by their songs and the different trees by their bark, and she could tell a goldenrod from a walking-stick with her hands behind her back. The woods could not keep a single secret when she was around, and she could gather more stuff alongside a country road in a five-minute walk than a careful housewife could get rid of in a half a day.

The same nephew told me that soon after they were engaged the lady had told Mr. Ryerson that when they were married she wanted him to buy a place near enough to New York, so that they could live in the country and go to the city every day.

"What, become a suburbanite?" had been his horrified rejoinder. "Be neither flesh nor fowl, neither a country man nor a city man?" He had as much as hinted that though his love was very ardent it could not survive any such dampening process as that. So at last they had compromised. He said he would build a country house and sacrifice his comfort for a solid month in each year, and for the rest give him his back yard and his front stoop.

When they were married they had gone to spend their honeymoon in Connecticut, and the nephew said with an appreciative smile that it was the worst time his uncle ever put in. He was utterly lost.

While they were there they had selected a site for their country house. It was a very pretty spot, for Mrs. Ryerson did the choosing. It was on the brow of a grass-grown, rock-bound hill of noble proportions, with a patch of healthy evergreens at the back and a thirty-mile view of the Berkshire foothills just for the looking in front. Not a house

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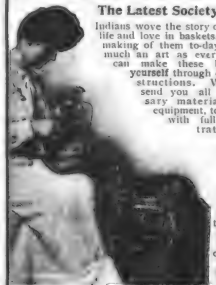

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within sight. A truly romantic spot for a newly wedded pair. At Heaven's Gate, Mrs. Ryerson named it, but Ryerson's private name for it was The Jumping-Off Place.

She had planned to go there and superintend operations, but she was taken sick, and after the foundations had been dug she was unable to leave the city. Mr. Ryerson like a hero went up every Saturday and saw things through. He had plenty of money and he determined to spare no cost to make it attractive. Poor Mrs. Ryerson had been suffering from a nervous trouble, and so the whole responsibility of choosing architects and selecting plans fell on my friend.

All this I learned from the nephew, and I also learned that the house was finished and that he and his uncle were going up next day to see it, and they hoped that she would be able to go up in a week or two as they were counting upon the change doing her good.

From my knowledge of the confirmed Nature lover I imagined just what a house Mrs. Ryerson was looking forward to: a gray colonial with sloping stained roofs and wide verandas and little balconies where one could step from one's bedroom and feast the eye on the ravishing landscape. Yes, it would do her a world of good to leave her husband's brick front down in Greenwich Village and go up among the Litchfield hills to her cozy country house.

I went down to Ryerson's office to congratulate him upon his change of heart, and he insisted upon my going up next day with his nephew and him. And as I had nothing in particular to do over Sunday I accepted.

After a four-hours' ride, pretty nearly every revolution of the way, we left the train and taking a carriage rode up, up, up, until I thought that we must be getting out of the New England limits and were approaching Heaven's outposts. The scenery was glorious, the air tonic and strangely sweet, and I gave myself over to picturing Mrs. Ryerson's delight when she should come up there and step into her mountain nest.

At last a turn in the road brought us out on the bluff with its grand thirty-mile view of undulating hills changing from green to purple as they stretched out to the vanishing line. It also showed us Mr. Ryerson's idea of a country house.

"There," said he as my jaw fell, "that is a little piece right out of New York."

And it was. He had spared neither pains nor expense to erect a big square brownstone house on the brow of that rustic hill. A grass-plat adorned the front of it, a grass-plat bounded by stone flagging and inclosed in a neat iron fence. A New York stoop led up to the front door, and the stoop had hand-rails and newel-posts just like the ones on which he had played brakeman in his boyhood days. The street number was No. 1 and a nickel door-plate bore the name "Ryerson" in script.

A sidewalk lay in front of the house and a coal hole newly smutted bore silent evidence as to the kind of fuel he intended using. A city lamp-post with a mail box on it put the finishing touch to this mountain nest.

"They have rural delivery here, thank the Lord," said he, "and I can get my newspaper before noon. You see I haven't any windows on the side. That's because I hope to have next-door neighbors some time. Come inside and see how it looks. Pretty nice house for the country, I call it. Don't believe there are many like it hereabouts. Awfully lonesome, though. The nearest house is a quarter of a mile away and that view out front there makes me feel as if I was lost."

Inside the house was fitted up with all the modern improvements, including gas and a furnace. The dining-room was in the front basement because Ryerson had always been used to that kind of dining-room. The "back parlor" might have looked on a pretty grove of pine trees, but he had cut down at least twenty of them to make room for a commodious back yard with high board fence, probably a replica of his own in the city.

"What's that little house over there?" said I, looking out past his hideous red-brick stable to a small building.

"Engine house. Chemical engine and a man to look after it. No oxen in *my* fire department. But I tell you that it *isn't* just the same as the city. There's that desolate stretch out the front windows that I can't help seeing. But when it gets so's I *can't* stand it I'll take my chair out on the front grass-plat and turn my back on all that mountain business and look up at the brownstone front, and then I can almost imagine I'm in dear old New York." Here his face took on a look of pleased anticipation and he rubbed his hands as he said, "I know that Mrs. Ryerson will just love it."

Oddities and Novelties of Every-Day Science

Fish that Climb Trees

Uncle Sam's naturalists have discovered some remarkable fishes in the Philippines. One species, known as the "poyo," is able to climb trees. Not only does it enjoy this exercise, but it dies if prevented for any length of time from leaving the water. Sometimes it ascends trees to the height of seven feet. It weighs two pounds and is highly esteemed as food.

Then there is the "terebog," which is found in Lake Buhi, in the island of Luzon, and is much valued as a food fish. It attains a length of three feet or more, takes a bait (especially a frog) very readily, and will even rise to a salmon fly. But the remarkable thing about this species is that it is able to breathe air, and can walk on the land. Children amuse themselves by making the creature crawl.

The "terebog" is fond of mice and rats. It will linger on the bank of a mossy pond, with its nose out of water, taking a breath of fresh air, and waiting for an imprudent mouse or frog to come along and be gobbled. On land it progresses in a serpentine manner by means of its tail and pectoral fins. As might be supposed, it is not easily retained in an aquarium, being addicted to making its way out and assuming charge of its own affairs. The smallest fish on record has been hatched in a lake in Luzon. It is only half an inch long when full grown, but is valuable for food, being captured in immense numbers by means of extremely fine nets. The tiny fishes are sold by measure in the market-places of the towns, and are commonly prepared for the table in the shape of flat cakes, one of which will contain from 2000 to 3000.

Some Vegetable Freaks

These are the days of new things in fruits and vegetables, thanks to the efforts of the scientific plant-breeder. Government experts have recently come across a sort of giant gooseberry that grows on trees, and a long-sought prize has been obtained (from Benton Harbor, Michigan) in the shape of a thornless blackberry. Hitherto the thorns with which the ordinary blackberry of commerce is provided have interfered with the plucking of the crop, but the discovery mentioned is likely to result, through cross fertilization, in doing away with this annoyance.

Recent experiments have shown that the tomato does very well when grafted on the potato-plant, which is thus persuaded to bear potatoes below ground and tomatoes above ground. It remains to be seen how useful this idea will prove to the American farmer, to whom it obviously suggests a means of economizing the available area of his land.

When Automobiles Run Amuck

A motor vehicle which can be operated only when the attendant is in the seat has just been invented. It is not an infrequent thing for automobiles to run amuck. This newly perfected vehicle is so constructed that if an attendant should be accidentally thrown from his seat the automobile would come to a stop. When at rest it cannot be started on a wild career by a jarring of the motor or through the meddling of mischievous or inquisitive persons. Even if the starting lever is pushed it will not stir, for none of the appliances of propulsion can be set in motion until the attendant is in his proper place in the seat.

This seat is provided with a spring and lever with an electrical or mechanical device which operates a switch. The mere imposition of weight on the cushion will not start the machine. When the attendant takes his seat, springs are compressed and a mechanical arm is brought into such connection with the other appliances of the machine that then, and not until then, the lever can be moved to start the vehicle. In a way, the contrivance serves the same purpose in the mechanism of the vehicle that a time lock does in a vault.

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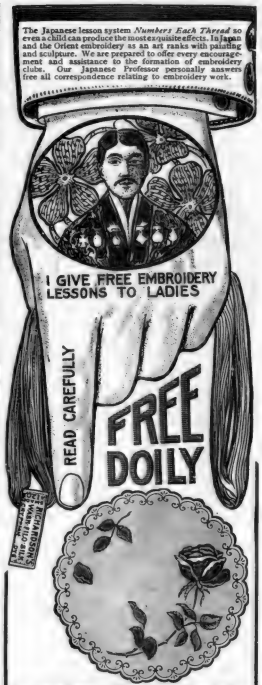

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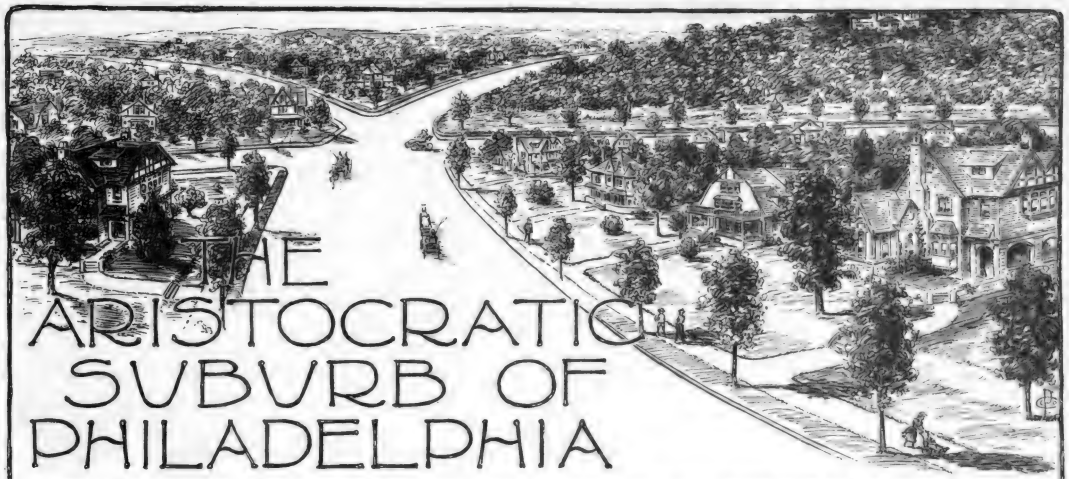

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THE BEST BOOKS TO GIVE AS CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

IN THE presence of some fourteen hundred new books offered by the publishers this autumn the question of choice is peculiarly perplexing. The old-time illustrated Christmas quarto slumbers with the annuals of a still earlier generation. There are illustrated books which are to be prayerfully reckoned with—such, for example, are Goldsmith's Deserted Village with Abbey's refined and piquant illustrations (*Harpers*), and, on the other hand, Kipling's Just-So Stories (*Doubleday, Page & Co.*), with the author's piquant pictures and text showing How the Whale Got his Hump and the Camel his Throat, may be welcomed in any division of the autumn books—but, in spite of the general use of illustrations, the important books of the day are usually those which depend upon their literature rather than their pictorial art.

Fiction Pure and Simple

What is the novel of the year? Several publishers have put their modesty in their pockets and make claims which are not without some show of reason. But there can hardly be but one answer to that question. Mr. Owen Wister's Virginian is the best novel of this and many other years. After it, The Two Vanrevels, by Booth Tarkington (*McClure, Phillips & Co.*); The Little White Bird, by J. M. Barrie (*Scribners*); The Fortunes of Oliver Horn, by F. Hopkinson Smith (*Scribners*); Cecilia, by F. Marion Crawford (*Macmillan*); A Joyous Journey, by the author of Elizabeth and Her German Garden (*Macmillan*); Tangled Up in Beulah Land, by J. P. Mowbray (*Doubleday, Page & Co.*), and the much-talked-of Confessions of a Wife (*The Century Company*), are all to be reckoned with. Mr. Richard Harding Davis' adventurous Captain Macklin (*Scribners*) is another successful candidate for popular favor. Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins sends us The Intrusions of Peggy (*Harpers*), and out of Central New York comes Mr. Robert W. Chambers' Maid at Arms (*Harpers*), while Marie Corelli's Temporal Power is a light by no means hidden. In point of literary quality much might be said of Aldrich's A Sea Turn and Other Tales, and the Baroness von Hutten's Our Lady of the Beeches (*Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*). Fuel of Fire, by Miss E. T. Fowler (*Dodd, Mead & Co.*); Donovan Pasha, Sir Gilbert Parker's stories of Egypt (*Appleton*); Gabriel Tolliver, by Joel Chandler Harris (*McClure, Phillips & Co.*), and Love with Honor, by Charles Marnott (*John Lane*), are books of some moment; and among the many books of short stories which still make their way despite the timorousness of publishers there is none more attractive than The Blue Flower, by Dr. Henry Van Dyke (*Scribners*). Readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST will feel a particular interest in Mr. David Graham Phillips' powerful novel, A Woman Ventures (*Stokes*). It is a misnomer to apply the term fiction to the shrewd philosophy and humorous "horse sense" of The Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son (*Small, Maynard & Co.*). The Letters are founded upon the verities of American life. There are scores of novels exhibiting merits worth noting, but the slight hints which alone are possible here may serve as an imperfect guide.

History and Biography

In history, if one desires an elaborate work of distinctive consequence there is President Woodrow Wilson's five-volume History of the American People (*Harpers*), and there is also Lord Acton's Cambridge Modern History, which opens with a volume upon the Renaissance (*Macmillan*). The late John Fiske's New France and New England (*Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*), and The Struggle for a Continent, edited from Parkman by Professor Pelham (*Little, Brown & Co.*), are books with obvious claims upon our interest. The coming anniversary of the Louisiana Purchase makes itself felt in various editions of The Lewis and Clark Expedition, ranging from Dr. J. K. Hosmer's edition (*McClurg*) to an inexpensive three-volume reprint (*The New Amsterdam Company*). Historical incursions into various fields are represented in The American Merchant Marine, by W. L. Marvin (*Scribners*); A History of the Nineteenth Century, Year by Year (*Dodd, Mead & Co.*); Social New York under the First Georges, by Miss Esther Singleton; The Story of the Trapper, by Miss A. C. Laut (*Appleton*), and The Private Soldier

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A very delightful publication which in many ways will appeal peculiarly to the sympathies of American readers is the Memories of a Hundred Years, by Edward Everett Hale (*Macmillan*). Nicolay and Hay's great Life of Lincoln has been condensed and is now offered in a convenient form (*The Century Company*). Critical lives of Lowell, by Doctor Van Dyke; Emerson, by Professor Woodberry, and Franklin, by Owen Wister (*Macmillan*); Daniel Webster, by Professor McMaster (*The Century Company*); Bret Harte, by Edgar Pemberton (*Dodd, Mead & Co.*), and Daniel Boone, by Reuben Gold Thwaites (*Appleton*), are more substantial contributions to American biography than George Francis Train's My Life in Many States and Foreign Lands, which provides, however, some entertaining passages. The redoubtable Andrew Carnegie's life is pictured by Bernard Alderson (*Doubleday, Page & Co.*), and Gaillard Hunt opens a new series for the same publishers with Madison.

General Literature

Both Literature and Life, by W. D. Howells (*Harpers*), and The Christmas Kalends of Provence, by T. A. Janvier (*Harpers*), are better examples of pure literature than The American Idea as Expounded by American Statesmen, compiled by J. B. Gilder and introduced by Andrew Carnegie (*Dodd, Mead & Co.*), but the latter book has a measure of practical suggestiveness. One of the more elaborate books in this class is Sidney Lanier's Shakespeare and His Forerunners (*Doubleday, Page & Co.*). There are many lamentations over the passing of the essay, but this season brings Essays Historical and Literary, by John Fiske (*Macmillan*); Literary Values, by John Burroughs (*Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*); Ian Maclaren's The Homely Virtues (*Dodd, Mead & Co.*), and The Lost Art of Reading, by Gerald Stanley Lee (*Putnam*). The Letters of Charles Darwin (*Appleton*), and Professor Trent's History of American Literature (*Appleton*), are both books which are worth attention. One of the lighter and more entertaining books of this general class is Borrowed Plumes, by Owen Seaman (*Holt*), a series of clever burlesques of well-known contemporary writers. Professor Lounsbury's Shakespeare and Voltaire (*Scribners*), and The Library of Literary History, which opens with Professor Browne's Persia, are books to be taken into account by the serious-minded, and Incentives for Life, by Dr. James M. Ludlow (*Revell*), is a helpful example of its class.

Poetry and Juveniles

Mr. James Whitcomb Riley's Book of Joyous Children (*Scribners*), Mr. Will Carleton's Songs of Two Centuries (*Harpers*), and Mr. E. S. Martin's Poems and Verses (*Harpers*), may be set down as probably the most popular verses of the year. Other books worth consideration are, among the more serious efforts, Mr. Stephen Phillips' drama, David and Bathsheba (*Macmillan*); and in a very different vein, Up from Georgia, by E. L. Stanton, the Georgia newspaper bard (*Appleton*), and Every Day in the Year, compiled by J. L. and M. K. Ford (*Dodd, Mead & Co.*).

When one comes to juveniles one finds one's self in deep waters. The Just-So Stories of Kipling, already mentioned; Mr. W. D. Howells' Flight of Pony Baker (*Harpers*); The Bibie for Children (*The Century Company*); a new edition of Miss Alcott's perennial Little Women (*Lillie, Brown & Co.*); two new Henty books (*Scribners*); Miss Taggart's Miss Lochinvar (*Appleton*), an excellent story for girls; Mr. Barbour's Behind the Line, a football story (*Appleton*); Mr. Williams' Romance of Modern Invention (*Lippincott*), and Miss Frothingham's Sea Fighters from Drake to Farragut (*Scribners*), are among the many meritorious examples of various classes of juvenile books. Mr. R. W. Chambers' Outdoor Land, illustrated in colors by Birch (*Harpers*), is a book to be looked at, and Mr. Thomas Nelson Page's A Captured Santa Claus (*Scribners*), offers attractive text and pictures within a modest compass. Five Little Peppers Abroad, by Margaret Sydney (*Lothrop*), is a popular example of the younger juveniles. Among the informing books of this class are Children's Favorite Classics (*Crowell*), Temple Classics for Young Readers (*Macmillan*), Perry's Boy's Iliad (*Macmillan*), and The King's Story-Book (*Longmans*). There is a wide range of choice, but it is not a difficult matter to find new books which are attractive and valuable.

—*I. W.*

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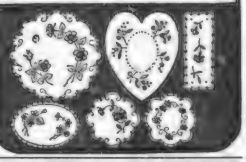

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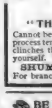

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The Worship of the Brazen Calf

(Continued from Page 9)

until she had concocted a scheme for its gratification. This ambition was to spend their next winter's fortnight in New York at the Nickel-Plush, and for the sake of this brief period of delight she told her husband that she was willing to forego their usual summer outing at the seashore. Another argument which she used with that adoring fool was that the Nickel-Plush was a "splendid address" for a business man like himself—one that invariably had great weight with men of millions, and as he was then at work on an enterprise which he expected to present to capitalists on his next trip to New York, he allowed himself to be influenced by his wife's words. It was decided, therefore, that they should spend the first two weeks in February at the Nickel-Plush, and Mary, highly elated at the prospect, straightway ordered for herself five new dresses, the most elaborate that the local talent could design.

On the authority of one of Mary's cousins I am able to describe her mode of life during this the very happiest seven days of her whole life. She rose late every morning, not because she did not awake, but because she thought she would make a bad impression on the other guests if she appeared at the unfashionably early hour at which she was accustomed to rise in her own home. Not before eleven then did she appear in the restaurant, clothed in dress number one. Her husband, being by nature and habit an early riser, was always astir before eight, so Mary breakfasted alone, calling only for such dishes as she thought were fashionable. After breakfast she was wont to lounge in the corridors until one, when she changed her dress and went in to luncheon. By three o'clock she was ready for another change, this time to a street dress in which she walked up Fifth Avenue to the Park, looking enviously at the handsome equipages and into the windows of the houses in which dwelt persons of fashion.

Not once during the seven days that she spent at the Nickel-Plush did Mary exchange even the most commonplace civility of speech with any one of the other guests. A few of the frequenters she knew by sight and these she regarded reverently as members of that wonderful circle of society that occupied so much of her thought. In her innocence she believed that all the other guests were persons of exalted social station and that she alone was the upstart intruder with no rightful claim to a place in that brilliant throng.

And while she was enjoying herself in this æsthetic fashion her husband was busy downtown, trying hard to influence men of fortune in his enterprise. Through the kindly offices of a friend he obtained an introduction to the late Mr. John Mackay and laid before him the details of his plan, which was, if my memory serves me right, an extension of the trolley system of his native town. The straightforward manner in which he presented his very businesslike scheme made a deep impression on the great financier, who was at that time seeking investment for some of his surplus millions. For nearly two hours the two men discussed every detail of the enterprise and then Mr. Mackay said: "It seems to me that there are great possibilities in this. At any rate, I shall give it full consideration and write you on the subject. What is your address?"

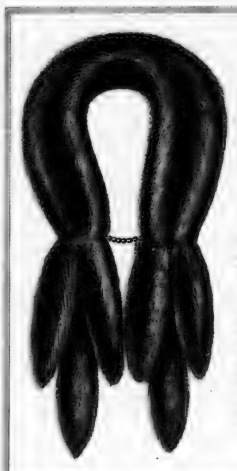
"Oh, I'm stopping at the Nickel-Plush," said John in an offhand way.

Mr. Mackay laid down his pen and looked the stranger over with a searching, suspicious glance. "Don't you think," he said, addressing him in a voice from which the warmth of interest had gone out in a second, "that the Nickel-Plush is a rather expensive place for a man who is, on his own showing, without capital?"

John realized that he had made a serious mistake, so he determined to make a clean breast of the matter by telling the financier the whole story of his manner of life at home and his wife's silly ambition to become a bona-fide guest of the Nickel-Plush.

"Very interesting, indeed," said Mr. Mackay when he had finished, "and an astonishing illustration of feminine wisdom."

And John went forth from the presence of the famous capitalist a new man. The scales had fallen from his eyes. It would be hard work now for his wife to convince him that men of real achievement, dealing in real things and accustomed to handling real money, can be impressed by such a wretchedly flimsy bluff as the name of a hotel scrawled on a visiting-card.



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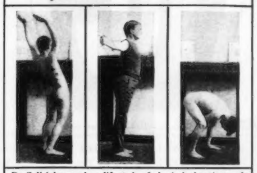

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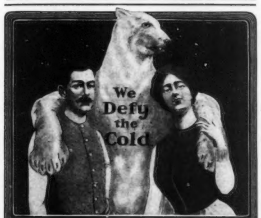

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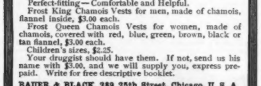

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The Vicious Circle

(*Concluded from Page 2*)

Uncle Pasco now marched to the bed and appropriated Scipio's pistol. "Just for the present," he explained.

"Uncle Pasco," resumed Scipio, mild as a dove and never stirring from his chair, "you have learned me something to-day. It's expensive education. I'll not say it ain't. But I'm goin' to tell yu' where I went wrong. I'd ought to have acted more careless in Likely that night. I'd ought to have taken a whirl somewheres. Bein' so quiet exposed my hand to yu'. But, see here, I had everybody fooled but you."

"You're a kid," responded Uncle Pasco, but with indulgence. "You be good. Keep a-sitting right there. Pie like mother made." And with the pie in one hand and his pistol in the other he made a comfortable lunch.

"It *was* my overcarefulness, warn't it?" persisted Scipio. "I have sure paid yu' good to know!"

"You're a kid," Uncle Pasco, with unchanged indulgence, repeated. "You'll do in time. Keep studying seasoned men. That's what." And he finished his meal. "You'll find your six-shooter in the place where I'll put it."

The old gentleman opened the door, and, leaving Scipio in the chair, walked briskly by the corral into the trees and mounted his old pink mare. From the door of the cabin Scipio watched him amble away along the banks of the Spitting Cat.

"Pie like mother made!" he muttered. "You patch-sewed bread-basket! Why, you fringy-panted walking delegate, I'll agitate your system till your back teeth are chewin' your own sweetbreads!" He seized up a rope and began walking to where his horse was pasturing. "I could forgive him takin' the money," he continued. "He out-played me. But——" Scipio was silent for a few yards and then, "Pie like mother made!" he burst out again.

And now, reader, please rise with me in the air and look down like a bird at the trail of the Spitting Kitten. The afternoon has grown late, and shadow is ascending among the thin pines by the Little Pasture. There goes Uncle Pasco, ambling easily along. He counts his money and slaps his bad old leg with joy. With all those dollars he can render the next several months more than comfortable. Now he consults Scipio's map, and here sure enough he comes to the fence, just as Scipio said he would come, that fence he was to follow for three miles, perhaps, or four. Uncle Pasco slaps his leg again and gives a horrid, unconscientious cackle. And now he hangs Scipio's pistol on a post of the fence and proceeds. While pleasing thoughts of San Francisco and champagne fill his mind as he rides, there comes Scipio along the trail after him on the best set interval. All is working with the agreeable precision of a clock. Scipio takes the pistol, and after tying his horse out of sight a little way down the hill, he runs back and sits snug behind a tree close to the fence, waiting. He looks at his watch. "It took Japan and me twenty minutes to go around at a gallop," he observes. "Uncle Pasco ain't goin' half that fast." Scipio continues to wait with his six-shooter ready. In due time he pricks up his ears and rises upon his feet behind the tree. Next, he steps forth with the smile of an angel—but a fallen angel.

"Pie like mother made," he remarks musically.

Why tell of Uncle Pasco's cruel surprise? It is not known if he had gone round the fence more than once; but the town of Likely saw the dreadful condition of his clothes as he rode in that night.

At that hour Scipio was finishing his letter to the foreman:

"——this risponsibillity is shed," had been the unwritten fragment of his sentence when it was cut short, and he now completed it, and went on.

"Quite a little thing has took place just now about that money. Don't jump for I am staying with it as you said to and I am liable to be staying with it as long as necessary but an old hobo held me up and got it off me and kept it for most three hours when I got it back off the old fool. I would not have throwed him around like I did if he had been content to lift the cash but he had to insult me too and next time he'll know a man should be civil no matter what his employment is.

"I have noticed another thing. To shoot strait always go to bed the same day you get up and to think strait use same pollicy.

"Your friend,

"SCIPIO LE MOYNE.

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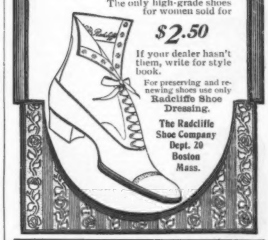

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THE PIT

(Continued from Page 11)

But as she passed the round mahogany table on her way to her bedroom she was aware of a little object lying upon it, near to where she had sat.

"Oh, he forgot it," she murmured as she picked up Corthell's heart-shaped matchbox. She glanced at it a moment indifferently; but her mind was full of other things. She laid it down again upon the table, and going on to her own room went to bed.

Jadwin did not come home that night, and in the morning Laura presided at the breakfast-table in his place. Landry Court, Page and Aunt Wess' were there; for occasionally nowadays, when the trio went to one of their interminable concerts or lectures, Landry stayed over night at the house.

"Any message for your husband, Mrs. Jadwin?" inquired Landry as he prepared to go downtown after breakfast. "I always see him in Mr. Gretry's office the first thing. Any message for him?"

"No," answered Laura simply.

"Oh, by the way," spoke up Aunt Wess', "we met that Mr. Corthell on the corner last night, just as he was leaving. I was real sorry not to get home here before he left. I've never heard him play on that big organ, and I've been wanting to for ever so long. I hurried home last night, hoping I might have caught him before he left. I was regularly disappointed."

"That's too bad," murmured Laura, and then, for obscure reasons, she had the stupidity to add: "And we were in the art gallery the whole evening. He played beautifully."

Toward eleven o'clock that morning Laura took her usual ride, but she had not been away from the house quite an hour before she turned back.

All at once she had remembered something. She returned homeward, now urging Crusader to a flying gallop, now curbing him to his slowest ambling walk. That which had so abruptly presented itself to her mind was the fact that Corthell's matchbox—his name engraved across its front—still lay in plain sight upon the table in her sitting-room—the peculiar and particular place of her privacy.

It was so much her own, this room, that she had given orders that the servants were to ignore it in their day's routine. She looked after its order herself. Yet, for all that, the maids or the housekeeper often passed through it on their way to the suite beyond, and sometimes Page or Aunt Wess' came there to read in her absence. The family spoke of the place sometimes as the "upstairs sitting-room," sometimes simply as "Laura's room."

Now, as she cantered homeward, Laura had it vividly in her mind that she had not so much as glanced at the room before leaving the house that morning. The servants would not touch it. But it was quite possible that Aunt Wess' or Page——

Laura, the blood mounting to her forehead, struck the horse sharply with her crop. The pettiness of her little predicament, the small meanness of her situation struck across her face like the flagellations of tiny whips. That she should stoop to this! She who had held her head so high.

Abruptly she reined in the horse again. No, she would not hurry. Exercising all her self-control, she went on her way with deliberate slowness, so that it was past twelve o'clock when she dismounted under the porte-cochère.

Her fingers clutched tightly about the crop, she mounted to her sitting-room and entered, closing the door behind her.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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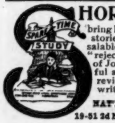

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